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Poetry.

BIBLE STAND-POINTS FOR TEMPERANCE.

BY SUSAN MURPHY.

"Thou shalt not kill!" was thunderer i forth
From off Mount Sinai's quaking brow;
The awful voice the mountain shook,
And to its mandate all must bow.

Wild flame and fire the law was given
To Israel's trembling, frightened hosts,
By power divine they all were stricken,
While lightnings crashed the thunderbolt.

The fiend, demon, murderous Rum,
With all its hellish hosts, have dared
To kill and slay both old and young,
Yet Sinai's God still says, Beware!

His holy priesthood He declared
Should never taste the moving wine,
That from its snares they might be spared
To holy things that were divine.

When Israel marched at God's command,
Outworn with toil and parched with thirst,
Through barren sands to Canaan's land,
What was it though the rock did burst?

It was not wine that Moses brought
To quench their thirst and make them strong;
But water, pure from Horeb's rock,
God gave instead to Jacob's flock.

When God had need of Samson strong,
What did he to his mother say?
"Drink them no wine, for it is wrong:"
The mother took the pledge that day.

Then comes the Nazarite's firm vow,
So holy, consecrate, divine;
They never stooped to touch or bow
To Bacchus' shrine, the god of wine.

Then Daniel, trusting in his God
Before Belshazzar's princely court
Refused the wine of Chaldea's lords;
Chose water clear for his support.

Then, listening to the wise man's words
Go, read how wine corrupts, destroys;
It curses all: 'tis worse than swords;
'Tis adder's sting, 'tis serpent's coil.

Woe! woe! to Ephraim's drunken priests,
Whose judgment erred through ruby wine!
Whose crown was trodden under foot
Because, because, of treacherous wine.

Behold the righteous Rechabites
Who pledged to God a solemn vow;
Though pressed by prophet, and advised,
They would not drink before nor now.

God's holy sanction hovered o'er
Their faithful, right-on temperance house,
He said that they should never more
Become a man to lead their hosts.

Wellon, Ills.

HAMLET.

AN IMAGINARY SOLILOQUY.

After the killing of Polonius, and scene with his mother.

Another day is strung upon the thread
Of unaccomplished purpose. Could it show
The meaning of the end, as milestones mark
The shortening of a journey, it were well.
But in our common life—if I presume
The end is yet far off—The king still lives!
And his death being the end, there's little done,
And what is done had better not been done,
For it has nothing further to that end,
But rather tends to put him on his guard
To fortify the way unto his life,
And baulk the assault that he must needs suspect.
Since the conditions of Polonius' death
Scarce carry open warrant for the deed,
Ophelia's father slain—how could I now
Look love into her eyes? Or how could she
Take the red hand that slew him? There's the curse
Of wrong-doing, that stops not with the doer,
But like a plague-spot taints the air around,
Incensing all it touches. This fat king
Slays the true King, his brother, for the crown,
And with his wicked wiles the widowed Queen
Woos to his foul embrace; seeking to hide
His evil deed within his creature's folds.
And not hot lately indignation spurred
To fever heat and haste, on the instant chance
Slew the too prying meddlesome old man,
Taking him for the King. Thus am I too
A murderer, though with a different aim;
And what this wave of evil yet entrings
In its outspreading and enlarging swell
May be in part conceived, but little hindered.
All can be done in the startling mischief,
But most are merest dwarfs in stopping it!
Well—well! let hap what may, the hour is
Sleeping
When high and low, the good and bad alike,
Whether or not they bring conditions fit,
All seek its restful soothing: I'll try for it!
And then to-morrow—aye, to-morrow brings
The never-ending, still-beginning war
Betwixt the would-be and the must-be—I
Must front, with nerves of steel, stern-visaged
fate,
With but one dominant purpose girt and capped;
Must be myself, yet seem a different man;
Companion with suspicion, giving none
Frank confidence, save one to whom my soul
Goes out as free as thought to consciousness,
But now to bed—Oh! that it were the last,
And all yet left of life were but a dream!

S.

AN OLD PROVERB.

Footing, my darling, because it rains,
And flowers droop and the rain is falling,
And drops are blurring the window panes
And a moaning wind through the lane is calling!
Crying and wishing the sky was clear,
And roses again on the lattice twining!
Ah, well, remember, my foolish dear,
"'Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

When the world is bright and fair and gay,
And glad birds sing in the fair June weather,
And summer is gather ng, night and day,
Her golden chalice of sweets together;
When the seas answer the sky above,
And bright stars follow the day's declining,
Why, then, 'tis no merit to smile, my love;
"'Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

But this is the time the heart to test,
When winter is near and storms are howling,
And the earth from under her frozen vest
Looks up at the sad sky mute and scowling,
The brave little spirit should rise to meet
The season's gloom and the day's repining;
And this is the time to be glad, for, sweet,
"'Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

Our Story Teller.

Written expressly for the Blade.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE SUN;

A Tale of the Mexican Border.

BY COL. S. K. LISPENARD.

CHAPTER XIV.

It took but a minute or two to determine what to do. Dick started off to bring up the main force, while Fritz and the Mexican, tethering their horses where they might have advantage of the scanty herbage, began to gather all the material available wherewith to build a signal fire.

It took some time to do this; and when finally the pile of rain drenched fuel was adjudged sufficient, it was still longer before success crowned their efforts to ignite it. This finally was done; and the fire being safely started in one end of the long "wind-row" of fuel, which had been piled in that shape that it might burn longer—a sort of selt feeding signal-fire, in fact—Leiter and the Mexican withdrew some two hundred yards to the little gully in which their horses were tethered. There was policy in this. The signal fire was to guide Dick on his return with the force, but it might easily bring enemies, for it could be seen for many a league on that moonless night.

So Dick and the Mexican sat on convenient bowlders, each holding the lariat at whose length his horse was allowed to feed in one hand, while his rifle was grasped in the other. Leiter had selected his post so that his eyes were almost on a level with the fire, and he keenly watched the darkness on all sides of the column of flame to discover at once if any stranger had been drawn thither by the signal.

An hour passed on. The heap had burned until almost exhausted, and only a long bed of glowing coals, with here and there straggling jets of flame, was to be seen. Fritz had set the Mexican to work gathering fresh fuel, and taking each a great armload, they carried them to the spot and threw them upon the embers, returning to their positions before the damp green fuel had ignited. In a few minutes, however, the hot coals did their work, and a roaring column of flame shot upward, a beacon that could be seen from afar.

"They should see that beacon light," thought Fritz. "Why do not they come?" and he gazed intently into the darkness in the direction of the bivouac. As if in answer to his outspoken wish, there was a distant flash, and a moment after the air bore the sound of the rifle to his ears.

Holding his own weapon upright on his knee, Fritz fired in reply, and two shots from the advancing force came promptly. Ten minutes later, and the whole array was gathered around the dying fire. The second party was also with them, and Dudley, Don Jose, Santerra, Dick and Leiter held a hasty council—if it could be called a council where all were agreed on the point that no time must be lost, but the flying band of Apaches followed without delay no matter if every man were weary, and the horses sadly in need of rest.

"For you see," said Dick, as he voiced the general opinion, "our horses won't tire any more than them of the red devils; and when they git tired, and camp, we've got enough men to gobble 'em up at one swaller!"

But Dick's expectations as to "gobbling" were not destined to be verified in the manner he imagined.

The trail was easy to follow, and the party, with Dick in the lead, followed closely by Dudley and Don Jose, Santerra and Leiter, and the body of Mexicans following closely after, moved rapidly onward.

The cavalcade, after an hour's riding, reached a point at which the trail dipped sharply over the edge of the mountain plateau to the eastward. The line of march led diagonally down to the southeast, thus making an acute angle, the one side of which was formed by the path over which they had just came, the other by the trail down the declivity.

The point at which Dick and Leiter had "picked up" the mountain trail was really but a few miles from the abandoned silver mine which had been the halting-place of the Indians the previous night, and where they had stayed, awaiting the return of the raiding party, until, during the thunderstorm, one of the fugitives, whose horse had been shot in the melee, and who had made his way back by circuitous route, reached the camp, and brought the news which had started them in quick retreat.

Slowly and cautiously the pursuers made their way down the steep descent. There was no moon, and the landscape was shrouded in darkness; but the mystical half-light of the stars showed that from their present position an observer could look over a landscape of many miles in extent.

"Gosh!" remarked Dick. "If we only had a bright moon to night we could see the infernal Apaches this blessed minute. They are somewhere down there, sure—and within eye-shot, too! That sky-line is too far away not to show a bigger strip of country than they've pushed over since they passed the brow of the ridge."

"Yes, but Dick," answered Dudley, glad to talk to get away for a moment from his own gloomy thoughts, "would not the moonlight reveal us to them as well?"

"Cert'n'y, Mr. Dudley; but what o' that? Onct let us clap eyes on 'em, and they can't git away. We can travel as fast as their caravan, with the loot and prisoners, and a good deal faster, even if the horses is tired; and we've got a good many more men than they have, since the brush last night, when we laid the fightin' bucks out."

Dudley rode forward to Dick's side, and spoke in his ear:

"Suppose they should find we are on their track, Dick, what would they do with the captives?"

"Well, Mr. Dudley," answered Dick slowly, also lowering his voice so that Don Jose should not hear, "if they made up their minds to leave the plunder and light out to save their hides, it's altogether likely that they'd kill every one of the poor critters!"

A groan involuntarily escaped from Dudley.

"So you see," continued Dick, "we must surprise 'em and capture the whole caboodle. When we ride in on 'em, aim sure and shoot fast! The faster the red devils is put beyond the power of harm, the better it'll be for their captives!"

"How far ahead are they, do you judge?"

"Not over an hour's march, Mr. Dudley. But unless I'm mistaken, this trail'll pretty soon git down to the bottom of this yer slope, and they it'll turn pretty near north again. When we git to the turn, we'll begin to look out pretty well for signs."

"If that is the case, why not save the detour we are making by striking directly across to the east, and pick up the trail where we strike it again, precisely as we did before?"

"For mighty good reasons, if you'll jest think a minute. First, the mountain's entirely too steep here to do that. The trail goes over the easiest route to git across, you can bet your life. This trail was laid out way back in the old days, when they did all their tradin' by mule-trains, and they had to pick out the easy grades for the long eared trains, jest as you engineers pick out the easy grades for a railroad. Then, in the second place, if we could git down without breakin' our necks, we couldn't pick up the trail agin in the dark. It's easy enough to follow it while we're on it, but cuttin' across lots that way we couldn't find it easy. And last, it *may* strike off to the east from below, though I don't think it does. Howsomever, the longest way 'round is the shortest way to catch up with 'em. We'll save time by keepin' on the trail, and pushin' ahead as fast as we can."

Dudley could see at once that the sagacious Dick's reasoning was unanswerable.

"Shall we attack in the dark, Dick?"

"Depends entirely on whether we catch up before mornin'."

"At this rate of speed, shall we be able to do that?"

"Yes."

"What is your advice then?"

"Jump right into 'em and—HALT!"

Far off to the east were sudden irregular flashes that caused Dick to break off his remark and rein his horse up suddenly.

The cavalcade came to a sudden stop.

In the silence the distant report of fire-arms could be heard, the shouts and yells of border warfare—even the hoof beats of horses.

"What is it?" queried Dudley, eagerly.

"Somebody's fell atoul of the Apaches, sure! Come on!"

And digging his spurs into his horse's flanks, Dick dashed onward down the trail at breakneck speed, with a wild yell.

Dudley and Don Jose were at his heels in an instant, and the whole cavalcade followed, the Mexicans shouting in response to Dick's war cry.

The scene of the fight was not over a mile in a direct line from them, but the distance by the trail was much longer. Every one was animated, however, by the sounds of battle, and the hope that the end of their long pursuit was at hand, and even the horses seemed to catch the infection from their riders, and tired as they were, they put forth every effort in response to whip and spur.

Half a mile further on, and and the trail reached the bottom of the broad mountain flank down which it had wound, and turned to the eastward down a ravine, which grew wilder and more rocky as the party proceeded onward.

This was soon traversed, and, climbing a short but steep acclivity, Dick and his followers were on a wide, rolling, mountain plateau, over which the trail pursued a northerly course.

The battle was apparently over, but lights could be seen moving about not far in advance.

Dick hurriedly arranged his band in rude military order, in double lines, and with himself and Dudley ahead, they moved forward, every man with his weapon ready for instant use.

From out the gloom suddenly came three or four fleeing figures, retreating over the trail.

"Who comes there?" challenged Dick in Spanish.

The advancing party swerved to one side and started off at right angles.

The Mexicans waited for no command, but a sheet of flame burst from the foremost rank. The aim was true, and the victims rolled upon the ground. Three of the horses also went down, and but one riderless steed went wildly careering over the plain.

Riding up, the prostrate forms were seen to be those of Indians.

"Good enough!" was all the comment Dick took time to make, and they galloped forward.

"Who comes?" came the challenge in Spanish from before them.

"Friends, friends!" called the Mexicans, in chorus; and the party rode upon the scene of the late encounter.

A half-dozen horsemen came to meet them, and a brief parley soon explained matters on both sides.

The victors were a party of Mexican soldiers, who had been after the Apache raiders. They had come from Northeast Sonora, and having chased one band of Apaches to their mountain fastnesses in the north, had turned in this direction, and were following the old trail to cross into the valley of the Rio Saltero, reports of the second party of raiders ravaging that section having reached them.

They had reached this point in their journey by evening, and had camped in a little valley fifty yards from the spot where the fight had occurred. Knowing that the Indians might use this trail on their return, they had carefully extinguished their camp-fires after their evening meal, and posted sentinels well in advance, on the trail on both sides of their camp. These had detected the advancing Indians, the camp was quietly roused, and the Indians rode almost into their midst before they were challenged. The fight was short, sharp and one-sided. Some of the Indians had gotten away, but the pack horses loaded with plunder had been captured——

"And the white captives?" interrupted Dudley and Don Jose by one impulse.

"There were not many of them, Senores," answered the Mexican leader, but they are safe at our camp."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Dudley.

The Mexican rode with them to the camp. A fire had been built, and around it were gathered a number of soldiers and the rescued women and children.

Dudley, Don Jose, Santerra, Fritz and Dick dismounted and eagerly approached the group.

The band of captives embraced six women and four children, all young girls' all told, and all Mexicans.

Nina was not among them!

"Were there any held captive that are not here?" demanded Dudley of one of the women.

She looked up in surprise, and glanced around the fire, as if making a mental inventory. Her comprehensive glance ended she cried.

Ah, *Madre de Dios!* Where is the beautiful senorita? She is gone! She was killed by the soldiers!"

The blood seemed to gather around Dudley's heart. Don Jose grasped the woman by the arm, and demanded:

"Who was she? Who was the senorita?"

Every woman among the captives found her tongue unloosed, and all talked at once. It was certain that Nina had been among the captives. She was in the charge of an old medicine man, and was riding behind him on the same horse. No one had seen her after the attack.

"She is dead! She was killed by the fire of the soldiers!" shrieked the women in chorus.

Turning to the brightly burning fire, Dick hastily made up a torch of brands. Dudley, divining his purpose, did the same, while Don Jose, apparently unmanned, sank down upon the ground, covering his face with his hands.

"It is her father!" whispered one of the vaqueros to the women, and they lifted their voices in lamentation.

Meanwhile Dick Ryder and Dudley, accompanied by Fritz, was passing over the scene of the fight, examining every dead body. A single glance was enough to tell whether it was an Indian or what they dreaded to find. Only once did Dick pause. One dark body lay face forward, and an Indian child beside it.

The blanket in which the latter was wrapped was but a mass of fragments, having been apparently half burned. Turning over the larger body a cynical smile flitted across his face as he said: "It's the same old squaw."

Rough frontiersman as he was, he lifted the body of the little one tenderly. The bullet had passed entirely through the child, as it was suspended at its mother's back, and then through the latter, killing both instantly.

"It is the papoose that saved my life—that I threw on the red hot stone," was his remark.

He examined the little body carefully. A small burn on the left hand, rudely bound up, was all the hurt he could discover, aside from the death-wound.

"Well, I'm glad of that!" ejaculated he, with a sigh of relief. "I've felt infernally ashamed of myself ever since I did that," said he, turning to Dudley. "But you see," indicating the burned, tattered blanket, "it was so wrapped up it didn't get hurt a bit except where its hand was outside the blanket. The blanket got all the fire, and they saved it before it was hurt, except that little burn. I'm all-fired glad of *that*," he added, as he laid the little corpse beside that of its mother, and turned away to look further.

But the search was vain. The body of Nina was not on the field. The Mexicans joined, and swept the prairie in all directions within gunshot, but without finding what they dreaded to find.

"The four that we met!" said Leiter.

But the search there was equally vain. Our party mounted their horses and rode back, only to find four Indians stretched in death upon the prairie.

"Let's find if the old medicine man is one of the dead!" said Dick.

So, returning to the camp, Dick placed one of the late captives on a horse, and renewing his torch, again made the rounds of the dead. None of them was the old man who had Nina in charge.

"The old scoundrel's got clean off with her!" exclaimed he. "Now, a cussed Indian would not do that without a good reason; what was he so partickler as to take the trouble to try to escape with her?"

"Simply because no lucky shot tumbled him off his horse!" groaned Dudley.

"I don't believe a word of it! He would have dumped her off quicker, to save his own carcase, unless there was something to be gained by it!" returned Dick.

Returning to camp, the women were put under inquisition, and an awful tale they each told, of outrage and indignities suffered at the hands of their red captors. They had all been for several days in the hands of the Indians, and each had been allotted to some brave as his share of the spoil. It is not needful to here relate the stories of the shameful degradation each one had suffered.

"Was the Senorita the state of the medicine man?" demanded Dick.

"No, Senor," replied one of the women; "she had not been given to any one."

"Thank God!" came from the white lips of Dudley and Don Jose, by one impulse.

"Why had she not?" pursued Dick.

Then came the story of the preservation of Nina from the terrible degradation that had been the share of the poor women who had been rescued. The chief who had rescued her from the back of the black horse had claimed her at once as his lawful prize, and his claim would doubtless have been allowed without demur, had he not already received one of the captives. The other braves protested that she must be given to some one else. Pending a decision, for the first night Nina had been placed in charge of one of the squaws.

The next day, when the war party had returned, the quarrel was renewed; but as the raid on the Rio Virgin valley was to be made at once, it was determined to wait until after returning from that fray, when her fate was to be decided by lot, and the brave who was the lucky gambler was to be her master. Meantime, she was to be in charge of the squaws. When one of the survivors of the disastrous fray reached the old mining works the previous evening, Nina had been placed in charge of the old medicine man.

A council of war was held. It was agreed that several Indians had escaped—probably not more than a half-dozen; but when the experiences of the Mexican soldiers were compared, it was found that these had escaped in different directions. In the darkness it was impossible to distinguish the riders, and so no one could say he had seen a horse carrying two persons in the melee.

There was but one thing to do—to allow both men and horses to snatch a little of that rest they so sorely needed, and await the coming of daylight. Then the trail of the various fugitives was to be followed, the party dividing up for that purpose; while the captives were to be taken in charge by the soldiers and properly cared for.

Before they had disposed themselves to rest, Don Jose touched Dudley on the arm, and motioned that he should follow him. He led the way until they were apart from the others, when, placing his hand on Dudley's shoulder, Don Jose said:

"Mr. Dudley, words cannot express the thanks that I owe you and your friends for your aid thus far in this search. I may rely upon you still farther?"

"Until she is rescued, or until she is avenged!" answered Dudley with deep emotion.

"Then there is more than mere friendship so far as you are concerned, Mr. Dudley?"

"Yes, Don Jose—far more. Not that I should not have done all that I have done, in any case; but, Don Jose—you certainly know that I love your daughter?"

"I felt that it was so. I cannot tell you now all that I wish to say; but tell me this—does she return your love?"

"That I cannot say. I am vain enough to think that I am not altogether indifferent to her. But I love her with as deep a love as man ever bore toward woman, and should she consent to become my wife, I would be the happiest, the proudest man on earth!"

"That is, were she with us," returned Norton, with a mournful shake of the head.

"She is safe thus far," exclaimed Dudley, energetically, "and I have faith that it is but a question of hours when she will be restored to your arms. We have enough men to run down each one of the few who have escaped us. The horse they ride, with its double burden, can not travel as fast as we—and before the next sunset she will, she shall be rescued!"

"It seems so to me," returned Norton. "I have faith now that I shall see her again."

But Dudley was by far too sanguine, as we shall see before this story is fully told. He little knew the chain of events that were swiftly to come to pass, to render his confident prediction of no value.

"And, Don Jose," pursued Dudley, "when she is again in your arms, may I have your permission to press my suit?"

Taking Dudley by the hand, Norton replied: "I believe you to be an honest and worthy gentleman. If Nina says yes, I shall be delighted. Yet I must tell you one thing, you have a rival!"

"A rival? Has Nina a lover? Who is it?"

"Santerra!" replied Norton.

"Impossible! She could never look upon him as a lover, a husband!" exclaimed Dudley.

"I think—but I cannot tell you the story you must hear. Push your suit at once when Nina is rescued. Santerra is powerful, but with Nina bethrothed to you, we may defy him!"

"But, Don Jose, you arouse my anxiety. Tell me what power——"

"Enough," interrupted Norton. "I have much to tell you, but not now, nor here." And turning away from Dudley, he returned to the group around the camp fire.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Too Sleepy to Tell the Truth.

A commercial traveler writes to a New York paper about a strange, unconquerable drowsiness that comes over him when he gets on the train, and tells wonderful stories about it; how in one instance he got on the train to go 35 miles, fell sound asleep in five minutes, and awoke next morning 194 miles beyond his destination. Now, I have no desire to cast any shadow of doubt upon the brother's narrative. I know that men do grow very drowsy on the cars, and that a passenger might sleep 194 miles beyond his destination. I know that he Might. But also, dearly beloved, I know that he Doesn't. Because—let me whisper in your ear—while the passenger might be very drowsy, the conductor isn't. He is painfully wide awake. You try him once. You buy a ticket to Peekskill and then try to sleep through to Albany, and just observe how awfully, how adamantically hard is the platform at Po'keepsie when you land down on it. Ah, no, brethren, even the sleepiest men do not sleep 194 miles beyond the limit of their ticket. They are willing to; they try to, sometimes, but they don't. In order to insure the successful performance of this feat of drowsiness, the conductor must be as sleepy as the passengers. Which he never is.

He Astonished the Rector.

Hartford Courant.

A prominent railroad freight agent in this state is an active Episcopalian and vestryman in the church in the little town where he lives. One day, when business was crowding, a man came in who proposed starting a mill at a small town along the road which had to pay much more for freight than towns further along the route paid—in other words, it suffered the usual short-haul discrimination.

The visitor pleaded and argued, but of course in vain. Still he held on, and with his persistency he pretty well wore out the limited patience of the agent, besides keeping other people waiting who had also called on business. Finally he left and the next man stepped up.

"Well, sir," said the irritated agent, "whereabouts is your d——d grist mill?"

"I, sir," was the meek reply, "am the rector to whom you wrote about conducting service next Sunday."

A Trick of Little Negroes in Carolina.

Kingstree County Record.

Some of the negro boys do a brisk business at the depot on the arrival of the night train, at this place, by selling pods of cotton to Northerners. The sharp fellows get the old empty balls and fill them with lint cotton and thereby deceive the passengers with the belief that the cotton grew thus. They are as sharp as their Yankee friends.

Humor.

THE FIRM MOTHER.

And the Little Boy Who Always Had His Own Way.

Arkansaw Traveler.

"George, shut the gate. Shut it, I tell you. If you don't shut it I'll whip you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she continues, as she goes out and shuts the gate. "Never mind, I'll tell your father when he comes home. Don't pull up that rose bush. Don't, I tell you; if you do I'll whip you. There, you bad boy. I ought to whip you for that. Put that bush down. Put it down, I tell you."

The boy throws it down and wipes his dirty hands on his trousers.

"Don't wipe your hands on your breeches; don't, I tell you; never mind, I'll tell your father when he comes. Bad boy, don't mind his mamma."

"I ain't a bad boy."

"Yes, you are."

"I know I ain't."

"Don't dispute my word, I tell you. If you dispute my word I'll whip you."

"I ain't a bad boy."

"Didn't I tell you I'd whip you if you disputed my word? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Don't take off your shoe. Don't, I tell you. If you take off your shoe I'll whip you. There, you bad boy, I'll tell your father."

"I ain't a bad boy."

"Yes, you are."

"No, I ain't, neither."

"Yes, you are."

"I ain't."

"Don't dispute my word. If you do I'll whip you. Put on that shoe. Put it on, I tell you! If you don't put it on I'll whip you. Bad boy not to put his shoe on when his mamma tells him. Never mind, you shan't go out into the country with me."

"Don't want to go."

"Never mind, when you see the horse hitched up to the buggy you'll want to go."

"I'll be good."

"Well, be good, and you may go. Don't tear your sleeve! Don't, I tell you! Didn't I tell you not to tear your sleeve? Say! Never mind, I'll make you sorry for it. Don't put that nasty thing in your mouth. Stop it, I tell you. Never mind; you shan't go with me. People will say, 'There goes the lady without the little boy. Wonder where is the little boy?' Then somebody will say, 'He was a bad boy and his mamma made him stay at home.' Never mind, sir."

"I'll be good," throwing down the top of a blacking-box. "I won't do it any more. Then will you take me?"

"Yes. Let that cat alone. Put down that cat, I tell you. Didn't you hear me? Say! Put down the cat, that's a good boy. Didn't you hear me? Say! Never mind. There, I'm glad she scratched you. One time there was a little boy that wouldn't mind his mamma. He was a bad little boy, and when he wasn't looking an old cow came up and hooked him and the little boy died; yes, he did."

"That wasn't me."

"But it will be you unless you behave yourself."

"Was it a great big old cow?"

"Yes, and she had long horns. The old cow says 'moo, moo, here is the boy who won't mind his mamma,' and—"

"Did she hook him?"

"Yes, she did. She threw him up in the tree, an' the boy cried and cried and said, 'Oh, Mrs. Cow, if you'll let me get down I'll be good.'"

"Why didn't the boy hit the cow with a rock?"

"He couldn't when the cow had him up on her horns."

"Why didn't he hit her 'fore she got him up on her horns?"

"He couldn't for the old cow grabbed him up and threw him into the tree. The old cow says she is going all around and hook all the little boys that ——"

"She can't hook me. I'll throw dirt in her face."

"That's what the other little boy thought. He said she couldn't hook him, and he laughed at his mamma, but she did hook him."

"I'd make the dog bite her."

"That's what the other little boy thought, but the dog wouldn't bite her. Now are you going to be good?"

"Yessem."

"Then the old cow won't hook you. Don't throw your hat over there! Don't put it over there, I tell you. If you put your hat over there I'll whip you. I'll whip you just as certain as you do. There, you good-for-nothing thing. Never mind, you shan't go with me. I'm going to tell your father. You are a bad boy and I don't love you a bit. No, I won't kiss you."

She kisses him.

"You shan't go with me. Never mind, I'll tell your father."

A Hint to Mothers.

Two Dallas ladies were overheard talking over the fence as follows:

"What is the matter with your baby? I don't hear it cry any more."

"I have cured it of bawling."

"Do you give it soothing syrup with opium in it?"

"No, I don't give it any medicine at all. I have adopted an entirely new plan."

"What is it?"

"When it begins to cry I smear the tips of its little fingers with molasses, and give it a few feathers to hold in one hand. Its attention becomes aroused and it picks off the feathers with the other hand. The feathers stick to the other hand, of course, and the little darling picks them off again. The little angel's mind is thus so completely absorbed with the feathers that it forgets to cry."—*Texas Siftings.*

Two Old Veterans.

A hoary headed old Ice Crop Lie, while skulking down a dark and desolate ravine, was surprised to see the lonely Hole for which he was seeking disappearing rapidly within the hillside, as though it was being dragged in by some shame stricken Wretch at the other end. "What, ho, within there!" cried the Ice Crop Lie; "who is it that pulls the Hole in after it?" "I am the Peach Bud Lie," replied a hollow voice. And the Ice Crop Lie shuddered and held up its head and walked back into the sunshine and busy haunts of men. "I am saved," it said. "Had I been caught in that fellow's company my reputation would have been forever ruined."

Haec fabulæ docets that even in Politics a man may feel a little self respect.—*Burdette.*

A Lenten Story.

New York Star.

A story was told to me by an Episcopalian rector, yesterday. A lady called at the house of a poor but worthy family in the garb of the new sisterhood. In the course of conversation, a girl 14 years of age, was to be confirmed by the bishop shortly.

"That's very interesting, and what are you to be confirmed in?" asked the visitor.

"Why, don't you know?" replied the girl in astonishment. "What were you confirmed in?" referring, of course, to the spiritual significance of the rite.

"I? Well, I was confirmed in kid slippers and white muslin."

A. F. Simpson has been arrested at Decatur, Ind., for forgery, after having served a two-year term in the penitentiary on a similar charge. He is also charged with abuse of his wife, who has applied for a divorce. Simpson is in jail at Bluffton.

CITY FOLKS.

A Series of Criticisms "All in the Family."

Chicago Ledger.

"City folks! Don't talk to me about city folks!" Jabez Blunt knocked the ashes out of his pipe as if he was hitting somebody a rap, and rubbed his hair up till it bristled. "Give me a boy or a gal that knows a lye-hopper from a beehive, or a sugar camp from a camp meetin'."

Here Mrs. Blunt turned about composedly, and in a tone that indicated entire accord with her husband, said:

"I don't take much stock in them city folks as talks an' talks and don't say anything wuth list'nin' to. There's my own niece, Eliza, that was out here in the summer. We was sittin' on the porch one afternoon, an' a hen came up with her whole brood, cluckin', and I flung a few crumbs to them. Says Eliza—she was a real pensive girl—says she:

"'Aunt, it's always been a mystery to me, how one hen can nurse so many young ones?'

"I thought I'd drap. For about five minits she thought I was takin' with a colic.

"Eliza, she knew how to make applesass, dry apples, an' little things like that. For all that, didn't she at first boil the apples so's she could pare 'em like potatoes, to make applesass with. And didn't she fill the hull bake oven—the Dutch bake oven—with salt water, an' set it to bilin' an' called it salt risin'? An' threw pumpkins to the pigs, and carried buttermilk to the cows!"

"Yes, an' that ain't all," said Jabez. "Didn't she hitch the hoss up hind side before, an' nigh choked him to death takin' the collar off 'thout turnin' it?"

"Yes," said his better half, "an' didn't she plant a hull ear of corn to onst, an' taters a peck to a hill, 'an' then go right off and buy half a pound o' timothy seed to sow in a four-acre field!"

"Yes, an' the boys—my nephews—are wuss than the girls. Time Jim was out here, he was talkin' 'bout the glorious sunrises, but he never got up till 8 o'clock. Finally I managed to get him up." Here the recollection caused Jabez to snort. "I got him up, and what do you think he said? Why, he yawned, looked off to the east an' said, 'I thought you was jokin', uncle; tain't nothin' but a brush heap burnin' somewhere.'"

"An' didn't Jim take it into his head he could write poetry, Jabez? Tell him about that."

"That' so; he did. He ought to be a poet, the Lord knows, cos he wasn't of any arthly use I could see. Had no more idee of farmin' than I have of trigonometructry. Don't know a mite more about subsoil than a snipe knows about the constitution of the United States. Thought winter wheat grew like apples on a hardy stock, 'n wanted to know why in all creation Sam Sowers didn't cut them weeds out in his buckwheat field. Same time he wrote poetry—about bob o-links, 'n nightingales, 'n turtle doves—an' didn't know a hummin' bird from a buzzard. Called Dick Cradle's peacocks birds o' paradise. An' always got his birds out o' season in his poetry. Never knew him to hit within three months o' the right time."

"But *John!* Oh, he was the original one. I'll tell you about John. 'Twas my nephew, John, all the way from Chicago, that got up the water power patent churn, and then got up a steam engine to lift the water. Ef tappin' a pond of low water so's to lift it of its own accord so's to run into a creek several feet higher, an' gettin' up water power churns to go by steam is a sign of originality, my nephew has got dead loads of it."

Mrs. Blunt whisked a minute speck of dust from the range as she sniffed and elevated her nose. "City folks may do for the city, but accordin' to my thinkin', they ain't any more use in the country than the bones of last year's skeeters."

A FAST MAIL.

The Trouble a Texas Colonel Had in Getting a Letter Posted.

Col. Yerger, of Austin, had just finished writing a letter. It was very important that it should go off by the next mail, so he rang the bell, and upon the colored servant, Matilda, appearing, he handed her the letter, saying:

"Take this letter to the letter box on the corner as fast as you can. It is very important."

Matilda, the colored girl, went out with the letter, and meeting the coachman, handed it to him, remarking:

"Jess you take dis heah letter to de letter box."

The coachman started out with the letter. He happened to see a friend passing, and it occurred to him that he might save himself the trouble. So he handed his friend the letter, requesting him to post it without delay, as it was very important. That night the coachman's friend, just before retiring, made the discovery that he had forgotten to post the letter, so he gave it to one of the boys at the stable, enjoining him to put it in the letter box early next morning.

The stable boy was about to comply with the request next morning, when a baker, with whom he was acquainted, happened to drive past in his cart.

"Hello, Tom," exclaimed the stable boy; "you take this letter and drop it in the letter box, and save me the trouble."

Among the customers of the baker boy was Col. Yerger himself. Just as the baker boy drove up to the Yerger mansion Matilda, to whom the letter had been originally given, was just going out of the gate on her way to market. The baker boy handed her the letter with the request to shove it in the letter box. But just at that moment Mrs. Yerger happened to open the door and saw the boy hand her servant the letter.

"I will have no such goings on as that in this house," exclaimed Mrs. Yerger, and she seized the letter from Matilda's hand, and running into the house, exclaimed in an excited voice to Col. Yerger:

"It is not safe to have that Matilda about the house any longer. Here she is getting letters on the sly."

She handed the letter to Col. Yerger, who recoiled in astonishment when he perceived the identical letter he had written and addressed the night before. Uttering an exclamation too profane to print in a family paper, Col. Yerger violently forced himself into his coat, remarking:

"Now I will post that letter myself, and then I will know it is done."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Brutal Husband.

Mrs. Simon Peterby is one of the most extravagant women in Galveston. Her husband groans in his spirit every day when he is called on to pay her bills. A few days ago she said to him—

"Dear Simon, just see what a nice present I got you for your birthday."

"What is it, dearest?" he asked.

"A beautiful pocketbook to keep your money in."

"Thanks, but I don't expect to keep much money in it."

"But you must promise me always to think of me when you take it out."

"O, you bet I'll think of you every time I open it. I am bound to do that."—*Texas Siftings.*

He Loved Her So.

"Well, my dear, I'm glad for your sake that the summer is coming."

"Are you, hubby? Why for my sake?"

"I hate to feel that you have to get up in the cold every morning and build the fires."

"Oh, my dear hubby! Always thinking of your little wifey's comfort!"

Miscellany.

A Center Shot.

Gov. Roberts, of Texas, is not a fluent speaker. On the contrary, his slowness and hesitation while making a public speech is absolutely painful to listeners. They seem to sit on pins and needles, and they fairly ache to help him along. He, however, occasionally makes a first-class hit. The way he sat down on some Greenbackers who were interrupting him while he was making a public speech in San Antonio, was very amusing. There were quite a number of Greenbackers present in one corner of the hall. Whenever Gov. Roberts referred to the Greenback party, or to Brick Pomeroy, who was then a great Greenback apostle, the Greenback advocates cheered vociferously and stamped. They repeated these tactics several times, until Gov. Roberts made up his mind to suppress them.

"You Greenbackers say that you believe in the greatest good to the greatest number. That is one of your mottoes, isn't it?"

"Yes, you bet we do," yelled the Greenbackers in chorus.

"Very well, then," replied Roberts. "Now let us suppose a case. A merchant has let two thousand different men have goods on credit, on their promise to pay on the first of January. He has let them have his property and they have used it up. You understand the situation, don't you?"

"Yes," yelled the Greenbackers.

"Very well. Now suppose that these 2,000 men have the money to pay the merchant for his goods which they have used, but instead of doing so, they put the money in their own pockets. You understand what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes," shouted the Greenbackers.

"Very well. The merchant is only one man, while his debtors numbers 2,000. Would it be honest for those 2,000 men to refuse to pay the merchant, who is only one, in order to carry out the principles of the Greenback party, that of the greatest good to the greatest number, eh? Cheer that now, will you?"

The rest of the audience cheered most vociferously, but the Greenbackers in the corner were painfully silent. They were the most quiet, the most completely suppressed lot of men that ever attended a public meeting.

A Large Apple Tree.

The largest apple tree supposed to be standing in the United States may be seen in the dooryard of Delos Hotchkiss, Cheshire, Ct. Its shape is symmetrical, the trunk being round and without a scar or blemish upon it. There are eight large branches, five of which bear one year, and the other three the next year. Mr. Hotchkiss has gathered in one year from the five branches 85 bushels of fruit, but his predecessor harvested a crop of 110 bushels from the same five branches. The circumference one foot from the ground, and above all enlargement of the roots, is 13 feet and 8 inches. The girth of the largest single limb is 6 feet 8 inches. The top limbs reach a height of about 60 feet, and the spread of the limbs is 100 feet, or six rods. Col. Marshall P. Wilder has had photographs taken of this wonderful old tree for preservation. The age of the tree can be traced by family tradition to 140 years at least, and it may be 25 years older. A carpenter's two-foot steel square, suspended upon the trunk at the time the photograph was taken, gives one some idea of the magnitude of the tree.

Marital Harmony.

Husbands and wives only learn by experience how much happiness they add to their daily lives by thinking twice before speaking once. This, particularly when they have a hateful or simple sentence behind their teeth. When respect and confidence are thoroughly established many a little suggestion and bit of advice from one or the other is received in the most charming way. He is an anomalous young husband who does not need lopping off here and there. Only a little twig, maybe, but enough to mar the domestic oak if the pruning knife is not used. It is so natural to hold a wife responsible for her husband's toilette, and social failings, that these two things, alone cause an immense amount of domestic warfare unless the opposing forces are under a loving flag of truce. A

GENERAL GRANT.

How He Won Immortal Honors---A Short Sketch of the Life of the Dying Hero.

It is a difficult thing to write even the shortest sketch of a man who, yet living, yet lies so near death that the nation hushes its breath to catch the first sound of the message that will tell that the sad end has come—hard because the heart is too full of sorrow to enable the head to guide the pen clearly. At such a time every thought of criticism of the past flies away, and only the memory of the grand, heroic deeds that saved the honor and the very life of the nation dominates the people from North to South, from East to West, wherever the American flag tosses its folds upon the free winds of heaven. And yet there is a melancholy pleasure in recalling the principal events of those fateful years when Gen. Grant's strong brain and steady hand stayed the tempest that threatened to destroy the American Republic.

SIXTY-THREE YEARS AGO

the 27th of April Hiram Ulysses Grant was born in the little town of Point Pleasant, Clermont county, O., the eldest of a family of six children. His father was of Scotch descent, and it was from him and his ancestors that the tenacity of purpose and undaunted courage of the great leader came. His grandfather fought through the Revolutionary war as an officer in the Connecticut militia, and fought bravely, so that military qualities were not unknown in the family.

As a child, Gen. Grant was quiet and unobtrusive, distinguished by no brilliant qualities in any way except, perhaps, his courage. He feared absolutely nothing. The wildest horse in the field was the one he would seek to mount, and though the animal might plunge and rear and run in uncontrollable anger, the boy would cling to his back with the same unmoved persistency with which the man sat down before Petersburg in order to end the war. In no other respect than in this indomitable spirit did he appear to differ from the boys with whom he associated.

When he was seventeen he entered

THE MILITARY ACADEMY

at West Point, but through a mistake of the Congressman who procured his appointment, his name was given as Ulysses S. Grant, and although he applied to the proper authorities to have the blunder corrected, no notice was taken of his application, and by that name he has ever since been known.

He was at this time small and slight, but sinewy and tough, qualities which he retained through many years of his after life. Without distinguishing himself especially in his studies, he managed to maintain a fair standing, graduating in 1843 21st in a class of 39, respected by all with whom he associated and very popular with his immediate personal friends.

He was now 21 years old and ready to enter upon that career which proved so eventful. No one suspected that in this quiet youth were the qualities which would make him the greatest general in the world, and probably had not the march of circumstances brought him to the front, had there been no civil war, he might have been today in the leather business in Galena, where he was when the first gun was fired at Sumter.

With the commission of brevet second lieutenant, he was assigned to the Fourth infantry then at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis. Later on he was sent farther south, and during the Mexican war fought

IN EVERY BATTLE

except in Buena Vista, and won considerable distinction for his gallant behavior. When the war was over he returned to New York invested Captain, having received two promotions during its progress.

Shortly after, in 1848, he married with Julia T. Dent, the daughter of a merchant of St. Louis, and the woman who after more than 25 years of wedded life paid him the highest of compliments in the few simple words, impressive in their intense earnestness, "Mr. Grant is as good as he can be." His devotion to his family is well known, his tenderness for his wife, his pride in his boys, and his lifelong love for his only daughter, Nellie. They marked the character of the man, and it was, doubtless, his longing for a settled home with his wife and children that led him, after a few years of Indian fighting, and frontier life, to resign his commission in 1854 and return to St. Louis.

Now came a most trying part of his career. He had left the army, was without means, knew no business or profession, and with a family upon his hands to support. His next move was to go upon a small farm given to Mrs. Grant by her father, build a house of hewed logs, much of it with his own hands, and begin a farmer's life. There are many who remember seeing him in those days, in his plain farmer's attire, selling wood upon the streets of St. Louis. This sort of work, however, grew wearisome to him. He was not a success as an agriculturist and after four years of effort, he leased the farm, went back to the city with his young family to solve there the pecuniary problem of living. One failure after another was tried, and the darkness of disappointment settled heavily upon him. Poverty, perhaps absolute penury, threatened him, for he could find no steady employment, notwithstanding his education and natural ability. In 1860, his father offered him an opportunity to go into the leather business in Galena with himself and another son. Thither Grant removed and there working away industriously at an occupation for which he had an inherent dislike, but by which he managed to secure a support for himself and family, the breaking out of the

CIVIL WAR

found its hero. His wildest dreams could not have pictured the happenings of the next few years. He was then 39 years old, an obscure business man in a little country town, with a successful but subordinate military career in the background. Not the faintest glimmering of his coming brilliant destiny had been seen. Not a whisper telling of the grand possibilities opening before him had reached his ears. Quietly he lay down at night and arose in the morning to go about his daily work, even while the tide had already risen which was to bear him on to undying fame—to immortal honor.

Events moved rapidly. It was on the 15th of April, 1861, that the nation's heart was thrilled by the fall of Fort Sumpter. Two days after Pres. Lincoln sent out the call that summoned men from their desks, their forges, their counters, their offices and placed them in the field for the coming conflict. On the 19th of the same month Grant had a company formed, and took it four days later to Springfield.

From here was written that letter to the

ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE ARMY,

offering his services to the government in any capacity in which he could be of use. It was unnoticed, unanswered—not of importance enough even to be preserved. It did not matter. His path had been marked out by the Fates, and nothing could turn him aside.

Unconscious of the work and glory before before him, Grant remained at Springfield helping organize the volunteer forces of the state. Five weeks passed and Gov. Yates offered him the command of the 21st regiment of the Illinois infantry. Early in June he marched his regiment to Missouri where he reported to Brigadier Gen. Pope, and was stationed at Mexico, fifty miles north of Missouri river. In August he was commissioned brigadier general, and after various transfers was placed by General Fremont in command of the district of south-east Missouri, with headquarters at Cairo. And now began the series of actions that led him to the command of the armies of the United States.

His first achievement was the seizure of Paducah, which commanded the navigation of both the Tennessee and Ohio rivers. His second was the fight at Belmont, where he won a victory, the effect of which was destroyed by the conduct of the men, who were not able to endure prosperity. Had it not been for Grant's prompt action his troops would have been surrounded and destroyed. It is said that this battle confirmed his policy, followed thereafter, of prompt and daring movements. The engagement at Belmont was the first of any consequence that took place in that region. The attention of the nation was not attracted to him in any great degree, however, until the taking of

FORT DONELSON.

This was one of the strongest works then established. It was situated upon a series of rugged and inaccessible hills. The country was densely wooded. Two streams set back from the Cumberland, and the swollen waters stretching to the right and left of the rebel line, formed splendid defenses. In front of the breastworks a strong abattis had been made by the trunks of young trees left standing breast high with limbs attached to the stump. The fort itself crowned a precipitous height, three-quarters of a mile from the defenses, and was admirably arranged for strength. Here were 21,000 men intrenched and this was the place which Grant longed to take for weeks before he was allowed to make the attempt. At last, on February 2, 1862, he was permitted to leave Cairo for that purpose. He advanced upon Fort Henry upon the sixth, which he took after a short conflict, and then turned with iron determination towards Fort Donelson.

It is not necessary to linger upon the details; to recall the sufferings of the army under the sudden and intense cold, while they bivouacked in line of battle before the enemy's breastworks all through the terrible nights of the 13th and 14th; of the fighting of the 15th, of the advance up the steep hillside of the assaulting column under the fierce fire of the enemy; the while enduring by Gen. Pillow asking for terms of surrender. Then came that terse reply which has passed into history:

"No other terms than an unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works."

And then the country was electrified by the news that Gen. Grant had captured nearly 15,000 men and a large quantity of military supplies. It was the first important success of the war, and his first grand stride forward in the path of glory. His fame now was national. He was made a major-general of volunteers and assigned to the new military district of Tennessee "with limits not defined."

A momentary check came when he fell under the displeasure of Gen. Halleck, and was for a short time removed from his command. He himself has told the story. It need not be repeated here. On the 15th of March, he was again at the head of his army with headquarters at Savanna.

At this time the rebels were at Corinth in large force, something over 40,000. Grant had five divisions, which included about 33,000 men. Without lingering upon details, the pen rushes rapidly forward to the next great scene of the moving panorama,

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

In a thickly wooded but broken country reaching back from the bluffs at Pittsburg Landing for a few miles was a little log building known as Shiloh church which gave its name to the terrible fight.

On the 5th and 6th of April the battle raged furiously. Any other man without the tenacity of Grant would have held himself conquered at the close of the first day. He did not. His characteristic answer to Gen. Buell, who afterwards told him reproachfully that he hadn't steamboats enough to carry away 10,000 men, showed the stuff of which he was made.

"Well," he said, "there wouldn't have been more than that left by the time I should have got ready to go."

The country is familiar with the details of this battle and its outcome. It has been asserted that Gen. Grant was drunk at Shiloh. There is absolutely no proof of anything of the kind, and it is without doubt an invention of his enemies who envied him his success. That he was suffering terribly from a sprained foot all through that fearful fight is true, and it would not have been strange for a common man to have tried to stupify himself into unconsciousness of pain. That he did even this, there is no shadow of evidence. That he did direct the conduct of the whole battle from beginning to end, in a way not possible for a drunken man to do is beyond a doubt. Shiloh was a victory but with a loss of 12,000 men.

Passing over the two months when he was doubted, and held in disgrace, when rumors were rife against his conduct,—rumors that were afterwards known to be false, —following him in his slow movements towards Vicksburg, cutting canals, gathering supplies and watching the enemy, the country meanwhile growing impatient and angry, we come at last to the

SIEGE OF VICKSBURG,

which place had been named by Jefferson Davis the Gibraltar of America. This was one of the grandest events of the war. Grant's plans precluded all other ending but that of victory. He took his men and ships past the batteries that poured a tempest of fire upon them, down the river, where he landed and began the historic march back to Vicksburg. In twenty days he had passed over 200 miles, beat two armies in five battles, captured 27 heavy cannon and 61 pieces of artillery, took 6,000 prisoners, and killed and wounded as many more, forced the evacuation of Grand Gulf, seized the capitol of the state, destroyed the railroads at Jackson for 30 miles and sat down before the stronghold of the enemy.

The storming of Vicksburg began the 19th of May and ended July 4th, 1863. There were days upon days of suffering, assaults when thousands of Union soldiers bit the dust, but at last the supplies of the Confederates began to fail. Grant's determination never flagged. A Confederate woman who had clung to her house, outside of the city, where he stopped one day and asked for water, tauntingly inquired of him, if he ever expected to get to Vicksburg, "Certainly," was his reply. "But when?" "I cannot tell exactly when I shall take the town but I mean to stay here until I do, if it takes me thirty years."

On July 4

PEMBERTON SURRENDERED

with 27,000 men, 120 guns and many thousand small arms. Then the country went wild with enthusiasm over Grant, and from that day he had the confidence of the nation. In October he was given command of the three departments of the Tennessee, the Cumberland and the Ohio. The memorable campaign of Chickamauga followed, the battle of Chattanooga, considered the grandest fought west of the Alleghanies, and those of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain.

On the 2d of March, 1864, Gen. Grant was commissioned Lieutenant General of the United States, a rank only two men, Washington and Scott, had ever held before him. He proceeded at once to Washington to receive his commission and assume command of the army of the Potomac. The prospect was disheartening, but he took his position, made his plans, and then, unmoved by any circumstances, held with dogged pertinacity to them until the end. Blow after blow was struck the rebel army. None will forget the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg and Appomattox. The army of the Potomac "fought all their battles through" that last year of the war. Unite to these Sherman's march to the sea, and where has history been made fuller of grandeur in so short a time?

There are many sayings which have come to us from that terrible year. That one of Lincoln's, when urged to remove Grant: "It's a bad plan to swap horses in the middle of the river," told the story of his confidence in his general.

"I purpose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer" is the key-note to Grant's whole conduct of that final campaign. He never "knew when he was whipped." He had mapped out what was to be done and it was accomplished. He stopped at no sacrifice of men or means, for the rebellion was to be crushed. There were no idle officers about Washington in those days. They were ordered to the front, and they stayed there.

It was in March, 1865, that he sent the dispatch to Sheridan reading:

"I WISH TO FINISH THIS THING."

And to this brilliant officer was entrusted the movement which was to bring the end.

It boots not to linger on these closing scenes. When the national forces finally approached Lee, and the latter saw with bitter grief that he was fatally ensnared, he sent to the terms of surrender. This was Grant's eloquent reply:

"I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace. * * * The terms on which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed."

It was done. On April 12th the rebel army stacked its guns, and the whilom soldiers, against their will became citizens of the United States once more.

Grant was now the popular idol. Next to Lincoln he was first in the hearts of his countrymen, and at the next election after the war he was made President. This was in 1868. In 1872 he was re-nominated and elected.

The events during the two terms in which he was Chief Magistrate are matters of history. That he made mistakes none will deny. That he ever knowingly did wrong, the nation will never believe.

In March, 1877, his successor was inaugurated, and in May he with his wife set sail from Philadelphia for Liverpool. The papers for the past year and a half told of a triumphal progress around the world never equaled. Princes and potentates rivalled each other in doing honor to this plain, simple man who had been an obscure farmer, and risen, by his own powers which could grasp circumstances and control them to a great end, to be the greatest general of a great nation, and finally its chief magistrate. He dined with the queen of England and paid a visit of state to Prince Bismarck. The sacred Mikado of Japan advanced and shook hands with him like a common man, an honor never before accorded to any human being. But the brightest, tenderest picture of all is that of the little school children of San Francisco scattering roses before him in his path as he landed once more in his own country, in September, 1879.

Of the closing years of his life, there is need to say little. He has been unfortunate, and his last days have been far from happy ones. Even now the tidings are flashed over the wire that the brave warrior, the true man is descending into the valley and shadow of death.

The nation weeps in sorrow for the man who was its savior. Death is the one thing which makes us come to all human life, but that it should come now and in this form to him seems too hard to bear. He leaves his work unfinished. The pen has fallen from his hand, and the "silent man" is entering the portals of that beyond which to the living seems the emblem of a silence eternal.

"Ah! 'tis worth a nation's sighing!
On Truth's wings the rumor's flying.
Softly, friends! a hero falls
When the new-come angel calls—
Grant, at work, is dying."

JEFFERSONIAN SIMPLICITY.

How Cleveland Put In a Morning at Washington—A Joker's Version of It.

Having eaten a hearty breakfast of corn-beef, hash and johnny-cake, President Cleveland put on his hat and overcoat and strode toward the front door of the white house.

"Your excellency," cried Secretary Lamont, "where are you going at this early hour of the morning? It is hardly 5 o'clock."

"I am going for a short walk," replied the President. "I will be back by 7:30—in plenty of time to read the paper, look over my mail, and make out a list of nominations before the Senate convenes. I am going around to the various departments to see if my cabinet officers have caught the spirit of the administration and have returned to the Arcadian simplicity of the Jacksonian epoch."

And with these words President Cleveland opened the front door and issued into the raw, chilly air of the March morning. The brisk breeze blowing from the southeast bore to his ears the faint echo of the din of hammers busily employed in the distant navy-yard at the good work of restoring American sovereignty on the waters of the globe. The lights in the treasury department were dim, yet every room was lighted up, and it was evident that all hands were at work in accordance with Secretary Manning's order that all employes of the civil service should report for duty at 4:30 a. m. every week-day. President Cleveland entered the treasury building and asked the janitor where Col. Manning was to be found.

"He is down in the vaults counting the money," said the janitor, "and he cannot be disturbed."

Mr. Cleveland expostulated, and was compelled to disclose his identity before the janitor would listen to him. But being satisfied at last that the visitor really was the President, the janitor conducted him through devious passages, down winding stairways, and under curious moats, until finally the labyrintnine vaults were reached. Here, surrounded by piles of shining gold and silver pieces, sat the secretary of the treasury counting the national hoard by the dim light of a candle.

"I am sorry you came," said the secretary to the President, "for I really have so much work to do that I have no time to talk."

Then Mr. Cloveland observed that Col. Manning was attired in naught but an undershirt, his trousers, and a pair of high-heeled boots.

"Good!" thought the President. Then he said aloud: "But where is the gas, Dan, and why are you using this wretched tallow dip?"

"I have had the gas meter taken out of the building," said the secretary, "and have returned to the good old Democratic simplicity of candles. By this means the sum of $90,000 will be saved to the country annually."

"And what are you doing now?" asked the President.

"Counting the money in the treasury," replied Col. Manning. "I intend to know for myself whether any peculations have been indulged in by my Republican predecessors. Already I have discovered a number of questionable things. For instance, I have found the tail feathers pulled out of a large number of the eagles on the 1877 coinage of $20 gold pieces, and I intend to trace the burglarious outrage to its uttermost until the guilty party is brought to justice."

"That is right," said the president, and as he walked away he felicitated himself and his country upon having secured the co-operation of such an honest, fearless patriot as the Albany journalist.

In the state department room the fawdry gas fixtures had been removed to make way for the unostentatious candle. Owing to a dimness of vision, however, Secretary Bayard was compelled to use a kerosene lamp, and as this stood upon his white pine table emitting a fragrance which the rose of Sharon might have envied. Bayard wore no collar or tie. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and the president observed that the shirt was a woolen one; only to preserve the necessary dignity on state occasions the secretary wore a white celluloid bosom; but otherwise his attire was rigidly plain.

"Yes, I am very busy," said Mr. Bayard, "and I have been hard at work since 3 o'clock this morning. Having abolished the 300 type-writers and 48 stenographers formerly employed in this department, I have my hands full answering the letters. Here," he continued, as he wearily laid his pale hand on a mass of crumpled sheets of paper, "here are letters from Queen Victoria, King William, Dom Pedro, Kalakaua, Alfonzo, the czar, Taing-ho, Gen. Barrios, the abkoond of Swat, the emir of Bagdoo!, the begum of Mysore, and a hundred other potentates, which must be answered before the noon mail goes out."

In the navy department, Sec. Whitney was not to be found. Over a workbench in one corner of the room leaned a boy contemplating with awe and admiration the model of a patent canal boat, which calmly floated on the bosom of a tub of cistern water.

"Can you tell me where to find the secretary of the navy?" sternly demanded the President, who was evidently pained to see one of the lad's years idling in this manner.

"Dunno," replied the boy, "but guess he's in the gymnasium over 'cross the hall."

President Cleveland stepped across the hall and opened a door on which was pasted a sheet of paper bearing the written legend "Private." Yes, there was the secretary of the navy, attired in a sleeveless jersey and a pair of white cotton drawers, and engaged at pulling vigorously at a rowing machine.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed President Cleveland. "What on earth are you doing?"

"Learning the business," replied Secretary, between pulls. "I am determined to acquaint myself with every detail of the marine and navy service. My arms have grown an inch and a half in ten days. Bill Chandler knew nothing about the minutiæ of the department, and I am resolved to put his administration to the blush. I am learning to swim, and I go to the natatorium twice a day to take lessons."

As the President strolled toward the war department offices his bosom heaved with emotions of exultation.

"How admirably have I chosen my associates," he murmured. "On every hand I find irrefutable evidence that the spirit of my administration has infused every subordinate and co-ordinate branch."

When President Cleveland inquired where Secretary Endicott was one of the gloomy sentinels pointed in the direction of an inner room, and thither the President drifted. A surprising spectacle greeted him as he entered. Secretary Endicott, clad only in a blouse and trousers of army blue and wearing a fatigue cap, stood at one end of the room holding a cavalry pistol in both hands and firing at a target at the other end of the room. The target consisted of the head of a barrel, upon which uncertain rings had been described with white chalk. "Bang!" went the big pistol, and the recoil threw the secretary of war into the President's arms.

"It is allfired strange," explained the secretary; "but I have fired over 200 cartridges at that gol darned target, and I hain't hit it once. I'm a mighty poor shot—don't believe I could hit the side of a meetin' house—but I'm goin' to keep on tryin' till the country owns up I'm the goldarnedest best cabinet officer they had since Uncle Crowninshield was on deck."

Then the secretary sat down on the corner of the table and ate his modest luncheon of nutcakes and cheese while the President talked with him about the troubles on the Oklahoma frontier.

"By the way," said the President, picking up a cartridge from the pile that lay on the floor, "have you been using these all the time?"

"Yes," replied the secretary, mopping the powder dust and perspiration from his undaunted brow; "I've fired more'n 300 of 'em this mornin'."

"Then it's no wonder you haven't hit the target," said the president, with an amused chuckle, "for, my dear fellow, these are blank cartridges!"

"Well, I swow!" exclaimed the secretary. "You don't say so!"

Pres. Cleveland chuckled to himself all the way over to the postoffice department. But he was proud of his war secretary just the same. Endicott was honest and earnest; that was the kind of man the era of reform demanded.

A beautiful young woman, wearing a calico dress, was carrying a 300-pound mail sack filled with letters through the hall.

"Is Sec. Vilas in?" inquired the President.

"No, sir," answered the beautiful being in calico, as she hurried along with the mail sack.

President Cleveland was shocked; he had never suspected that Vilas would be the first to grow remiss in his duties. With anguish in his soul, the President entered the attorney-general's office. It was in full blast. The subordinates were ranged in two semicircles about Gen. Garland, who, in his shirt-sleeves, was propounding questions upon matters which concerned the intelligent conduct of the department. "What is replevin?" "What is the jurisdiction of a Missouri justice of the peace?" "Explain the difference between *de jure* and *de facto*." "What is a posse comitatus and wherein does it differ from the Arkansas possum?" "What is a change of venue?"—these and similar interrogatories did the learned attorney-general put to his class, and the President was pleased to hear that the responses came quickly and for the greater part were correct.

"I will not interrupt them," thought the President; so he retired noiselessly and slipped over to the interior department. All was commotion here and Secretary Lamar was busiest of the busy.

"We have been hard at work since daylight," said the secretary. "You see I have not had time to brush my hair or comb my beard—in fact, I was in such a hurry that came down town with my night-cap on. As Horace said: *'De ju vente pluribus noctantur,'* and in the words of the old Greek philosopher, *'Kai teios ephithalmos gar gingosko.'"*

The President applauded the enthusiasm which prevailed. Outside the pension office several hundred one armed and wooden-legged veterans were seeking admittance; inside the office the crowd of old soldiers was still greater. Standing on tiptoe and peering over the crowd the President could see the pension commissioner, Gen. Black, hard at work handing out bags of money to the crippled pensioners.

"'Tis well," said Pres. Cleveland, smiling. Then he went back to the postoffice department, but Vilas was not there. This was a severe blow—an awful shock. Pres. Cleveland brooded over it and the tears came into his eyes. As he passed the department of agriculture, he saw the commissioner in the garden watering the tulips and pruning the young rhubarb plants. This sight cheered him somewhat, but still the president brooded over Vilas's absence from his post of duty, and he indulged in the most melancholy reflections until he nearly reached home—yes, till he had come to the White House gate. Then a cheery whistle startled him from his sad reverie. Looking up he beheld Sec. Vilas tripping gaily down the walk, carrying a leathern bag and whistling a merry air from "Falka."

"I have just left a bundle of letters with Lamont for you," said Vilas.

"How do you happen to be here instead of at your post of duty?" inquired the President, gloomily.

"Why, when I got down to the office at 4 o'clock this morning," explained Vilas, "I found one of our men sick, so I concluded to carry his route for him myself to-day."

A few moments later, Pres. Cleveland, having removed his coat, collar, and necktie, seated himself at his desk, in the White House and was ready for work.

"Daniel," said he to his private secretary, "I feel encouraged, for I have irrefutable evidence that my cabinet is en rapport with the administration. The republic has indeed entered upon an era of Arcadian simplicity."—*Chicago News.*

BLADE CUTS.

A fifty-millionaire is the noblest work of God.

Loafing is the next easiest thing to working. So say those who have tried both.

Boston Democrats say that Gen. Butler is "more cross-eyed physically than mentally."

A Toledo philosopher says that at birth all men are destined to be hanged. Some, however, don't live long enough.

Thousands of place-hunters are tramping around Washington glaring at one another and muttering, "Did you ever see such a lot of hogs?"

An Irish correspondent writes that the Englishman's national occupations are "murdering niggers and keeping the Sabbath holy."

One of Mrs. McRoberts's boarders admitted to her yesterday that he was so hungry that "he could eat everything on the table—except the food."

A Pennsylvania murderer appeals for executive clemency on the ground that "he doesn't want to be hanged, because it would be a bad example to set his children."

A wild Western dramatist offred a tragedy to a New York manager. "How long is it?" asked the manager. "Three hours," said the playwright. "And how wide?" The dramatist left.

The following advertisement appears in a New York paper: "Wanted, by a disgusted Democrat, a kit of burglars' tools and a plan of the safe deposit vaults." If is to be presumed he didn't get the Russian mission.

The bank president says he knows no reason at all for his cashier's disappearance, except that there is $70,000 short. He adds that the cash is right to a cent, so far as it goes. The only trouble is that it doesn't go far enough scarcely.

Al. Stebbins has a somewhat eccentric dog. The beast won't look at a white person, but will follow a Chinaman all over the town. "He dotes on Chinese," says Al. "He d—n near ate one yesterday. Took four of us to get his teeth loose."

A reporter asked a police officer for the name of his prisoner, yesterday. He refused to give it; but said that the young man belonged to one of the best known families of the east. "If they liveat west," he added, impressively, "they'd all have been lynched long ago."

The office-seekers were waiting for Sec. Whitney at New York the other night. An eye witness says that fifteen vigorous mules were backed into the crowd, and that it took them 45 minutes to kick a passage-way from Cortland street ferry to Mr. Whitney's carriage.

Mrs. Sherman was in the dock again this morning. The evidence showed that she had enthusiastically resisted arrest. The judge sa d:

"I see you nearly killed three of the officers."

"Only two, judge; honor bright."

"Well, have you anything to say?"

"No, Judge; but don't be too hard on a poor, defenceless woman!"

She got six months, though.

Blackburn & Strong sent to New York for information as to the antecedents of their new bookkeeper. They have just received this reply: "Mr. Simpkins left us in 1880 to accept a position in the American colony at Montreal. He is one of the best bookkeepers in existence. Owing to his departure we have been able to resume paying a regular dividend to the shareholders."

Will Johnson's wife fell sick during his absence from time. The following telegrams passed between him and the boarding-house keeper:

To Mr. J.—Your wife is dying.
To Mrs. K.—Go to the doctor.
To Mr. J.—She is dead.
To Mrs. K.—Go to the undertaker.
To Mr. J.—Send $200.
To Mrs. K.—Go to the d——l.

Jones was talking when Lawyer Smithers passed. Says Jones: "There goes the best friend I ever had."

"Yes."

"That man saved me from filling a suicide's grave."

"How?"

"He eloped with my wife—heaven reward him!"

Three Reasons

Why every one needs and should take Hood's Sarsaparilla in the spring:—

1st. Because the system is now in its greatest need. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives strength.

2d. Because the blood is sluggish and impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies.

3d. Because, from the above facts, Hood's Sarsaparilla will do a greater amount of good now than at any other time. Take it now.

Henry Ward Beecher lectured to a large audience in Louisville, Monday night.

A SENSIBLE YOUNG MAN.

How He Obeyed the Wishes of His Father in Letter Though Not in Spirit.

Mr. James Bullinger is the senior partner in the house of Bullinger & Co., and he resides in the Third Ward, Toledo. Bullinger isn't the real name, but it will do as well as any other. The house of Bullinger & Co. was, some years ago, enormously rich, that is, it was supposed to be, which is very much the same thing. But of late years, owing to the depressing effect of several speculations in wheat that Mr. Bullinger went into, things have not been so pleasant about the Bullinger mansion as could be desired. Mrs. Bullinger, and the Misses Bullinger are in society, and they are expensive people. Then to add to Bullinger senior's troubles, there was Mr. James Bullinger, junior, who is an ornament to his sex. Young Bullinger spent four years at Yale, and came back as good a base ball player and as good an outsman as any in the college; and as for billiards, there is no young man in the circle in which he moves who is to be compared with him. He don't know much Latin, and is as innocent of Greek and mathematics as a Sioux Indian, but he can play billiards and has acquired the important, though difficult, art of blowing smoke through his nosa, and is, therefore educated.

James Bullinger, jr., was a terrible drain upon his papa. He would wear nothing but the very best clothes, he would frequent the most expensive resorts, he would go to all the expensive balls and entertainments, and, in short, his expenses were something over a great many thousands of dollars a year, all of which the elder Bullinger was compelled to pay. It was all well enough when business was brisk, and money was being made by the cart-load, but in these weak and piping times of dull trade, it didn't answer so well. As Mr. Bullinger, sr., was a proud man, and as Mrs. Bullinger and the Misses Bullinger were likewise, it would not do to think of cutting down expenses in the household. Mr. Bullinger would not think of having any of the style at the house dispensed with, any more than he would of publicly announcing that he was in straitened circumstances, for he was as proud as the femmines of his establishment.

But young James ought to be able to do something to relieve him of the frightful expense that he put him to, and not only that, but he ought to do something to maintain the family credit. Mr. Bullinger opened the matter to him one morning.

"But what can I do?" quoth the young man.

"James," said the old gentlemen, "it is not possible, I suppose, for you to go into business, for somehow you haven't been brought up that way. You might turn reformer, you might write novels and things, but as you were but six years at Yale, I don't suppose you have the education. There is but one thing for you to do. Why not marry a fortune? Why not by marriage get yourself the means of taking care of yourself, and relieve me of the terrible burden of caring for you? I know any number of old men I hate, and would gladly see you quartered upon one of them."

Young Mr. Bullinger, who had been living a rather close life, for him, thought well of the project and agreed to act upon it. His mother gave him a list of the eligible young ladies who moved in their circle, whose papas were reputed to be wealthy, and Mr. James, junior, solemnly promised to act with promptness in the important matter, and departed on his regular tour of the billiard saloons.

* * * *

Time, January 10. Scene, parlor in the palatial residence of James Bullinger, esq. Parties present, Bullinger, sen., Mrs. Bullinger, the Misses Bullinger, and Mr. James Bullinger, jr. The latter to his parents and sisters:

"Well, papa, I have done as you desired. I have married."

"Married!" shrieked the ladies in chorus. "Whom did you marry?"

"Miss Sampsell."

"Who?" from all five.

"Miss Sampsell."

"Why, young man, did we not know something of this? Why were we not notified of this important matter, that we might have had something to do with it? Why were we not apprised, that so important a matter as the nuptials of our son might have been solemnized in a manner and style befitting so important an event? Why—"

"It wasn't at all necessary, papa. The lady did not require it, and I assure you I didn't care for any special spread."

"But who is Miss Sampsell?" queried the mother and daughters. "She don't belong to our set."

"She doesn't belong to any set," was the answer of youg James. "She isn't a setter."

"But who is she?" demanded the mother, her eyes filling with tears. "Why, James, didn't you marry some one from the list I gave you?"

"Mother, dear, listen to the words of a man young in years, but old in debt, and as wise as Solomon. I did go through that list and made inquiries. I feed a lawyer—by the way, governor, his bill will come to you to-day. Miss Smith's pa is horribly in debt; Miss Jones's pa will fail next week; Miss Thompson's property is all mortgaged, and so all around. There isn't one of the lot who isn't in a close corner, financially, and I couldn't find one of them on whom I could depend for such a support as a gentleman has a right to expect. Besides, as I very well know, riches take wings. In these days of universal depression it isn't a safe thing to depend upon accumulated property. It depreciates—it goes up and then where are you? None of that for me. But intellect, skill and things of that nature—the power to always produce money, the skill to extract cash from the pockets of the people, that is the surest thing. And so I have married a person who can do that as long as reason holds its sent. I have done well. I am sure of a support, and—"

"But who is Miss Sampsell?"

"There is no Miss Sampsell. She who was Miss Sampsell, and is now Mrs. James Bullinger, jr., is, and I trust long will be, A MILLINER."

"A milliner?"

"Certainly, and a mighty good business she has I assure you. I felt when I cast my eyes on that young person, and saw the money she was making, that she was my fate. She admired my figure and moustache, and so we married. As in the case of actresses, her original name of Sampsell will remain upon the sign, and the business will go right along as usual. You, my dear mother, and the girls will give her your custom—we expect cash, but being our mother and sisters we will give you a discount of twenty per cent.—and you are to use your influence among our set to run up the business. By the way here's a lot of Miss Sampsell's cards, which you will be good enough to distribute, and please say all you can for her. She is one of the best and most high-priced milliners in the city. Now how do you like it? Haven't I done a good thing?"

There was no answer to this query. Mrs. Bullinger was too much grieved to speak, and the Misses Bullinger sniffed their disapprobation and left the room without speech.

But they came around in time. They did purchase their goods of their son's wife, and did I get a discount not only of twenty per cent., but one hundred, for in a few days Mr. Bullinger, senior, went under the cold wave of bankruptcy, and the family was mighty glad to get bonnets and occasional cash from the little plebian.

As for Bullinger, junior, the fact that he still smokes good cigars, and is seen in all the billiard rooms, and keeps up his old style of living, is sufficient proof of the wisdom of his choice. Both he and his wife are contented, and therefore happy.

Mother's Jewels.

It may be only a barlow knife, with a rusty blade and broken point, says a writer in the Pittsburg *Chronicle*, or it may be a peg top half split down the middle, or only half a dozen battered spools on knotted string. But there it lies, whatever it is, stowed way, way away, in the far-off corner of the bureau drawer, under a yellow pile of little linen and stockings, patched and darned at heel and at knee. But all the gems of Golconda cannot buy them; no, nor the gold of all the wide world size their preciousness. For they are the holy of holies. It is not often she goes to that drawer; not often she looks upon the treasures there. But once in awhile, sometimes, the time when a knock comes to the heart, that comes to mothers' hearts alone, like one famished and thirsty she goes to the nest of her jewels. Slowly, with soft hands, the little linens are laid aside, and slowly, with trembling hands, the knife, the top, or the string of dingy spools are drawn forth. Ah, how gently they are pressed to the heart and lips! What words are they saying, what sad, sweet songs are they singing? Kissed and cried on, and cried on and kissed! Then yearningly, reluctantly, clinging back they go to their nest in the far-off corner, and the yellowing little linens are put back, one by one. All alone, jealous that mortal eyes should see her worship at the shrine, the drawer is closed, and she who knelt before it comes to earth once more.

The Camp Fire.

THE OLD ARMY BEAN.

BY ERASMUS M. CORBELL.

How often do hearts of true patriots swell
As they speak of the glories of Liberty Bell;
And ringing hoof-beats of Phil Sheridan's steed
Are echoed in heart-beats as they ardently read:

And stirring descriptions of glories e'er bright
Of our flag of the morning and starry-gem'd night
The embers of loyalty kindle to flame
And oft waken the soldiers' aspirings for fame.

But one thing's omitted from history's page,
Ever silent in song and unspoken by sage,
Ne'er lauded by eloquent orator's tongue,
Nor in language poetical fervently sung.

While others may sing of the vintage of vine,
'Tis a theme more pleasing for me to entwine,
In language befitting the highest esteem,
Words of praise and respect for the old army bean.

The old army bean! How much dearer than gold
Was its comforting presence 'mid hunger and cold,
As soldiers sat down 'round the fire on the green
And with hunger's sweet relish ate the old army bean.

What gourmand ever ate with half the delight
That refreshed the tired soldiers encamped for the night,
As after the marching past valley and stream
They indulged in the luxury of the old army bean.

The plates were of tin;—but how easy to think
They were silver, and the coffee ambrosia to drink:
A few stopped to question if dishes were clean
In their haste to be eating the old army bean.

The bacon was eaten with gusto profound,
While the jokes of the camp went gleefully around;
If hardtack was tough the boys' hunger was keen
And all was delicious with the old army bean.

While weaving the web of the grave and the gay,
Truant memories wandered far northward away
To loved ones they hoped were all warm and serene
Far away from the camp and the old army bean.

But many brave soldiers with hopes running high
Went from northern home southward to fight and to die;
So thoughts of last drink from comrade's canteen
Often mingle hot tears with the old army bean

In memory's chambers keep sacred a place,
Where enthroned in high honor and loyal embrace,
One recollection will reign ever supreme—
The true "standby" of soldiers, the old army bean.

Chat Around the Fire.

J. D. Asherville, Kan.:

I see one statement in the BLADE of March 19, from Comrade F. J. Crooks, 49th Ohio, that I wish to correct. He says at the battle of Shiloh, "the 6th brigade marched up the bank and formed in the following order: 49th Ohio, Lieut.-Col. A.M. Blackman; 15th Ohio, Col. Dickey; 32d Indiana, Col. Willich; 30th Indiana, Col. Kirk." There was never any man by the name of Kirk had command of the 30th Indiana. T. J. Harrison was colonel of that regiment from August, 1861, till the war was over, and had command at the battle of Shiloh. I belonged to the 30th Indiana, and was with my company in that battle.

S. H. Warren, 7th Iowa, Gravity, Iowa:

I l ve the old CAMP FIRE. How dearly the old soldiers love to gather around it after the wearisome march or the terrible battle! I took part in that fearful struggle at Atlanta, July 22, 1864, where our dear McPherson fell. The boys remember how dark it looked to us when our commander, Gen. Logan and the rebels in both front and rear, the gallant old War Eagle (Logan) appeared on the scene, and saved us. Boys, we owe John A. Logan a great deal, and let it be John A. Logan in 1888.

J. C. Biggs, Co. I, 8th Ohio, Elyria, O.:

I am a regular reader of the CAMP FIRE, and in the last issue there are several articles from the Potomac army boys that are interesting to me. The one by Comrade Murray, of Co. G, 14th Connecticut, was especially interesting, as that regiment was my brigade at one time. He does not see anything from the Potomac army boys and says "there must be some alive yet." Yes, comrade, there are a good many alive yet, but the most of them received bad wounds in some one of the desperate battles fought by the army of the Potomac. I was a member of Co. I, 8th Ohio, 1st brigade, 3d division, 2d army corps. I am proud to say I was a member of Hancock's corps and the army of the Potomac, and I take great pride too in being a member of the society of the army of the Potomac now, and attending its reunions each year. I am looking forward to the next reunion at Baltim

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No question will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or companies.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the Question Bureau, and must contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it, and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the next issue. The question budget is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle petty disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are given only to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. As all matter for this column must pass through the hands of one man, he is the best judge of what shall and what shall not be answered. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with.

R. R. H., Clermont, N. H.:
Who is governor of Indiana?
Isaac P. Gray.

C. R. P., Falls Rock, Ind.:
How can I clean a meerschaum pipe?
Boil in a solution of potash.

L. A. W., Maryland:
Please inform me whether S. J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, ever was in active military service, and what his rank was.
We understand that S. J. Randall carried a musket at the first battle of Bull Run. He was elected a member of Congress in 1862.

Sub., (no postoffice):
Having had a discussion as to whether the small fur the sunny side of a cat runs into caps and sacques, we concluded to rest with your decision.
Seal skins are of two kinds, hair skins and fur skins; the former are used for making garments, the latter for finer purposes.

Leese, Orleans, Ind.:
What was the origin of the term, "Red Letter Days?"
The holy days, or saints' days, were marked in the calendar with red letters. It is customary now to call any day on which an important event takes place, and where everything passes off satisfactorily, "a red letter day."

Sub., Bonnycat, O.:
Do the Cherokee Indians have full jurisdiction and control of their territory, independent of the general government?
They make and enforce their own laws, but are amenable to the courts and district courts of adjoining states when certain crimes are committed by them against whites, but our courts have no authority over their relations to one another.

J. S., York, O.:
Do people have to be worth a certain amount of money to vote in England?
Our understanding is that the new franchise bill extends to England the same as a voter without regard to the rental value of his property. This will add about 2,000,000 more voters to the list. Formerly the tenant had to pay a stipulated sum to entitle him to vote.

Inquisitive Boy, Harper, Kan.: Martin V. Montgomery is commissioner of patents. His address is Washington, D. C. Do not know whether the office is behind in its work or not.

Reader, Ada, O.: 1. There is a rebellion in the Soudan against Egyptian rule. As the Egyptian government is making no effort to suppress it, it is considered that interests in that country, has rendered the job a hard one. 2. The BLADE recently published a sketch of Gen. Gordon's life.

W. S., Pine Village, Ind.:
1. What states were secessionists in the late rebellion?
2. Who was Vice President under Pres. Arthur?
1. Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia. That constitutes the eleven states which seceded. 2. Governor of Missouri, but was superseded by the action of the convention, which elected H. R. Gamble, Unionist, in his stead. 2. There was no Vice President, Hon. Ben. Edmonds was acting Vice President, by virtue of his election as President of the Senate.

C. P., Weller, Ia.:
If the trade dollar is greater in weight and as good as the Mexican or the silver dollar, why is it not at par with the silver dollar?
Because the law does not make it a legal tender. The joint resolution which passed congress directs that this coin shall have the legal tender value of it, and held down the coinage of it to the call for exportation. It was originally designed for circulation in China and Japan.

J. O. B., Mansfield, O.:
1. You say there was $4,877,886 in the treasury in 1803. It don't seem possible. 2. May I ask what was in the treasury March 4, 1885?
1. The figures were taken from the highest authority. In 1803 the cash in the treasury amounted to $4,882,211. 2. As we have remarked several times, the debt statement is published in the BLADE every day. March 3 (evening) it was $1,000,000 in the treasury. March 4, 1885, was $434,466,357. Make a note of this, and see what will be the condition of the treasury a year from now.

E. M. C., Delaware, O.:
1. What is the Salvation Army, and where was it organized? 2. Is land for sale in the National Yellowstone Park?
1. The organization was originated in London in 1865, by a minister who held open-air meetings, for the purpose of converting those who attended no place of public worship. Eight members of the army landed in New York, May 10, 1880. They had a brass instruments and inscriptions on their hats, and marched through the streets under a flag which bore the inscription: "Blood and Fire: New York, No. 1." 2. No.

Sub., Packwaukee, Wis.:
Please tell us when and by whom gold was discovered in California.
Gold was noticed in California by persons while making the mill race in 1853, but in 1848 a statement of it was made in the *Merchant's Magazine*, February 9, 1848, a little girl named Marshall picked up a piece of gold in a mill race on a branch of the American river. She was cautioned to keep the matter secret, but the news spread and California was soon overrun with gold hunters.

T. M., Wauseon, O., writes: "In the BLADE of March 5, as a query by M. C. Brown, of Mich., asking 'the difference between standard time and Toledo local time.' You answer, '28 minutes.' This is the difference between Columbus, O., and standard time (90 degrees west from Greenwich), but not the difference made in railroad time; but Toledo time is only 25 minutes and 52 seconds faster than standard time. To find this it is only necessary to reduce the difference in longitude to time. Toledo is 83 degrees, 32 minutes west longitude, which makes a difference of 5 degrees and 28 minutes, and this is equal to 25 minutes and 52 seconds. Because the railroads use this time which is faster, it has become a common belief that there is a difference of 28 minutes between standard and local time."

A. D., Toledo, O.:
1. Who are the rulers of France and Switzerland? 2. Were there ever any snakes in Ireland? 3. Can a Roman Catholic be President of the United States?
1. Grevy is President. Francois P. Jules Grevy; Switzerland, Pres. Emil Welti. 2. Do not know there are none there now. 3. Of course, if the people choose to elect one. The constitution says that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust, under the United States." Again, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

E. H. Greensboro, N. C.:
1. How much government land is there in California, which is mainly situated, and who is the present land agent at Oregon? 2. What is the government land agent of Oregon? How much government land is there in that state?
1. It is impossible to say just how much land is open to settlement. The land offices in California are at San Francisco, Mayville, Humboldt, Stockton, Visalia, Sacramento, Los Angeles, Susanville, and Bodie. 2. The same answer applies to Oregon. The land offices in that state are at Oregon City, Roseburg, LaGrande, Lake View, and The Dalles. Write to the Register at either place for information.

M. D., Weldon Creek, Mich.:
1. Why is it that a penny, six penny, eight penny, etc? 2. Did Gen U. S. Grant ever have any title conferred on him by any college in the United States?
1. The old-time penny, when used to mark the size of nails, is supposed to be a corruption of pound. Thus, a four-penny nail was such that 1,000 weighed four pounds; a ten penny such that 1,000 weighed ten pounds; a "hundred," when applied to nails, was six score, or 120, consequently the thousand was 1,200. 2. Do not remember any such action. No college degree could add to the fame of Gen. Grant's reputation. The people of the United States attended to that matter.

School Boy, Re' Cloud, Neb.:
1. Please give the best way to prepare insects for keeping. 2. Also for preparing small birds.
1. A good way to render insects durable is to perforate the body from end to end, and then dip or dipped in a strong solution of corrosive sublimate. If you have cases full, clean the insects and cases thoroughly as possible, paint the backs of the cases with a brush dipped into a solution of the sublimate, and after putting a few pieces of camphor at the bottom of the case, fix the lid on, and paste a strip of paper over the joint. 2. The best way for the purpose of preserving anatomical and pathological preparations is the use of the following solution: Saturated solution of alum, 100 parts; sulphuric acid, 1 part. The animal to be preserved is immersed in the solution, when it becomes decolorized; but in a few days the color returns, when it is taken out of the solution, and kept in a saturated solution of alum and water only.

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1. Who was the author of the elegies of Gibraltar. 2. Also the siege of Saragossa.
1. Gibraltar came into the possession of the English, by conquest, in 1704. It has been since repeatedly besieged, but without success, save that the Spaniards captured the town in 1462, through the treachery of a renegade Moor, and held it till 1705. It was thought then to be impregnable, but a combined Dutch and English fleet appeared in the bay, broke and destroyed the fleet of Rene Darmisadi, after a vigorous bombardment, succeeded in landing a force, and the governor deemed it wise to capitulate. The garrison, consisting of only 150 men, and the English here de combat before they surrendered. The most memorable siege commenced in 1779, and lasted till February, 1783—three years, seven months and seven days. Gen. Eliott, in command of Gibraltar, at that time had about 7,000 men to withstand the attack of 40,000. It was the most brilliant defense in the annals of history. During the three years' siege the garrison were killed, 3500 died of disease, 1,000 were wounded, and 43 deserted. In one engagement the Spaniards lost at least 2,000 killed, and only inflicted a loss of 16 killed and 56 wounded. 2. Saragossa is famous for two sieges it resisted in 1808, the first from June 16 to August 14, when the French were repulsed with great loss; and the second from December 21, 1808, to February 21, 1809, when the city surrendered after one of the most desperate defences in history, and was held by the French till July, 1813. During the siege, 54,000 persons in the city perished, of whom 46,000 were killed by the enemy, the rest dying from an epidemic which broke out, and which compelled the surrender.

G. H. F., Alma, Kan.: We can answer no questions by mail. Our advice is, stay in Kansas, instead of thinking of going to Virginia.

Mrs. S. B. T., Meriden, Kan.: Write out a plain statement of your case and send it to your Representative in Congress, asking him for his aid.

E. M., Iola, Kan.:
Please tell me the correct pronunciation of the given name Ethel,
Eth-el.

J. P., Norwalk, O.:
Please give value of German mark in our money.
One German mark is equal to 24½ cents, gold.

W. S., Pine Village, Ind.:
1. Did James G. Blaine attend the late inauguration? 2. Is John A. Logan in the Senate now?
1. He was attending the funeral of his sister on that day. 2. His term expired on March 4.

Some correspondents, it would seem, never read the news columns of the BLADE. We are constantly in the receipt of letters inquiring about the action of Congress on certain bills. All this information was given at the time, and it was such a short time ago that if read at all it certainly could be remembered.

J. S. T., Michigan:
1. Can you give me the address of some agricultural journal published in Tennessee? 2. What would be the best book on sheep management? 3. Where can I get the most correct history of the rebellion?
1. *Farm Journal*, Nashville. 2-3. Write to Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O.

J. M., Hancock, Mich.:
Can you tell me where I can obtain information in regard to the importation of teas and coffees?
All first-class almanacs give the value of imports. The value of coffee imported last year was $49,686,705; of tea, $18,636,053; of sugar, $98,353,389.

O. T., Morrill, Kan.:
Please give a sketch of the life of Owen Meredith, and state his relationship, if any, to Fulwer Lytton.
His father (Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer) married, in 1827, Miss Rosina Wheeler, of Limerick, Ireland, but the union was not a happy one, and the parties were subsequently divorced. Robert Edward Bulwer Lytton (Owen Meredith) was the only son by that marriage. This is about all we can learn of his history.

S. E. T., Topeka, Kan.:
1. What are the so-called "French spoliation claims?" 2. What is the nature of the act of Congress passed the last session in regard to the claims?
1. Claims growing out of French spoliations on American commerce, under the operations of the several decrees of Napoleon, from 1806 to 1811, for which France paid the United States about $5,000,000. 2. To give the heirs of claimants a chance to prove their claims. All these things were fully explained in the Congressional proceedings published in the BLADE.

E. H. R., Steam Corner, Ind.:
Please tell me what the original me act was, and why so called. The histories ask the question, but do not answer it.
The embargo act, passed December 27, 1807, by which congress laid an embargo upon all its own ports and vessels. It was so oppressive in New England that the people spelled it backwards, thus calling it the ograbme act. It was repealed March 4, 1809, except as it applied to France and England. No intercourse was to be permitted with the latter till their obnoxious decrees were repealed.

Sub., (no postoffice):
1. How is walnut stain made? 2. Can public schools close on legal holidays and not make up time? 3. Can you supply me with a copy of the BLADE containing popular and electoral vote of all the Presidents?
1. If you mean walnut hair dye, the simplest form is the expressed juice of the bark or shell of green walnuts. To preserve this juice, a little rectified spirit is commonly added to it, with a few bruised cloves, and the whole digested for a week, with occasional agitation, for a week or fortnight, when the clear portion is decanted, and, if necessary, filtered. Sometimes a little common salt is added with the same intention. It should be kept in a cool place. 2. Yes. 3. No.

C. B. S., Ghent, Minn.:
Was there under Grant's second term a law passed to reduce the President's salary $25,000, and was it vetoed by Grant?
Both Houses of Congress in 1876 fixing the President's salary after March 4, 1877, at $25,000. This was vetoed by Pres. Grant. The veto message concluded as follows: "Having so personal interest in the matter, I have felt myself free to return this bill to the House in which it originated with my objections, believing that in so doing I meet the wishes and judgment of the great majority of those who pay taxes and support the judicial and other expenses of government." The President held that $25,000 would not defray the expenses of the Executive one year, or at least did not meet his expectations.

Reader, (no postoffice):
Is there any preparation for making pencil drawings on paper permanent?
A convenient method of making pencil or crayon drawings permanent is by moistening the back of the sheet with a solution of bleached shellac in alcohol, care being taken not to have the solution either too concentrated or too thin, but such as to work readily on the paper, making it transparent when moist, and leaving no spots behind on evaporation. In this way the drawings will become permanently fixed, and may afterwards be painted in water-colors without the latter affecting them. Price for this process of preserving anatomical and pathological preparations is the use of the following solution: Saturated solution of alum, 100 parts; sulphuric acid, 1 part. The animal to be preserved is immersed in the solution, when it becomes decolorized; but in a few days the color returns, when it is taken out of the solution, and kept in a saturated solution of alum and water only.

H. C., Watseka, Ill.: Do not take patent medicines, or patronize quacks. Go to your family physician, state your case frankly, and abide by his treatment.

Widow, Florida: Apply for information to any member of the order. If there are no members in your vicinity, then write to the postmaster of the nearest town of any size and request him to hand the letter to some member.

A. O. C., Olney, Kan.:
Please inform me what year Gen. Custer was killed.
He was killed June 25, 1876, on the left bank of the Little Big Horn river, in Montana Territory.

W. T. T., Cairo, Tenn.:
Has Henry M. Stanley any publications of his explorations in Africa since he crossed that continent after he discovered Living-stone?
Think he has. Write to Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O.

D. M., Oakland, Ill.:
Did Connecticut ever have two capitals?
Connecticut had two capitals up to 1873, the legislature meeting alt-rnately at Hartford and New Haven. Hartford has been the capital since that time.

J. B., Fissis, Ill.:
1. Is it a fact that all, or nearly all, of the great architects, engineers, and workers in iron and steel, are Englishmen? 2. When was serfdom or slavery actually abolished in Russia?
1. No. Americans take the lead in everything. 2. The emancipation proclamation was issued in 1861. But for his freedom and for his share of the common property, it was understood that the peasant owed compensation to his former landlord, and that the paym nt of his ransom should extend over a period of 49 years, or till the year 1910. The government, however, coming to the peasant's assistance, took upon itself to advance to the landlord at once, in bonds at 80 per cent., four-fifths of the ransom, thus leaving the peasant to settle with the landlord for the remaining fifth; and at the same time exacting from the peasant the interest of five per cent. on the money advanced by the government to the landlord. As the whole village, or commune, is held responsible for this payment, the industrious man has to make up for the shortcomings of his lazy neighbor, and the result is that he is very little if any better off than he was before the emancipation proclamation.

J. S. K., Pleasant Hill, Pa.:
1. Under whose administration was the old United States bank chartered? 2. What were the advantages and defects of said institution?
1. The first charter, in 1791, was a Federal measure, favored by Hamilton, and opposed by Jefferson, Madison and the Republican party. The non-renewal of the charter in 1811, was the act of the Republican party. The charter of the second bank, in 1816, was the act of the Republican party, and was opposed by the Federal party. Webster was a Federal leader on both occasions—against the charter in 1816; for the recharter in 1832. The bill passed Congress, but was vetoed by Pres. Jackson July 10, 1832. 2 The bank was originally designed to assist the government in establishing and maintaining a uniform and sound currency; but the bank and its friends undertook to control the business of the country, to dictate who should and who should not hold offices, in this way the recharter of the institution became a political question, and was one of the issues involved in the campaign which elected President. He based his veto on the unconstitutionality of the measure, and his friends made the point that the people had decided the matter by electing him President.

The following, from a late number of the Chicago *Tribune*, answers in a manner that can be understood by all, numerous inquiries that are in the BLADE's Bureau: "A correspondent asks for information as to the condition of the public debt in 1860, when the Republican party came into power, in 1865, at the close of the war; and now, when the Republican party retires from power. When Lincoln became President the public debt amounted to over $90,000,000, though there had been many years of peace and apparent prosperity. It was mainly in the shape of 6 per cent bonds, many of which had been sold at a considerable discount, and it had been accumulated as the r sult of extravagance and misman-gement. The government credit was so low that Buchanan borrowed money at a rate that amounted to 9 or 10 per cent., and spent the money for current expenses. When the last Democratic administration ended the government had neither character nor credit, but was in a state of disorganization. At the close of the sixth Houses of Congress in 1876 fixing the President's salary after March 4, 1877, at $25,000. This was vetoed by Pres. Grant. The veto message concluded as follows: "Having so personal interest in the matter, I have felt myself free to return this bill to the House in which it originated with my objections, believing that in so doing I meet the wishes and judgment of the great majority of those who pay taxes and support the judicial and other expenses of government." The President held that $25,000 would not defray the expenses of the Executive one year, or at least did not meet his expectations.

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The Boy, Clerk and Merchant.

In a prominent city in Northern Ohio, and a prominent retail dry goods store, a German lad found a situation. He was patient, industrious and ambitious. He rose, step by step, in position, salary and in the confidence of his employers. He finally was placed in charge of the print department with a salary of $1,400 a year. He had so faithfully improved his opportunities and his time that he was well versed in the dry goods trade and felt confident of his own ability to begin business for himself.

During his years of clerkship he had made the acquaintance of a leading salesman in a prominent dry goods jobbing house who sold his employers very largely. He interviewed him and asked if he would give him credit for goods if he commenced business on his own account. After an investigation on the part of the New York salesman he was informed that he would give him credit for all the goods he wanted to buy.

The young German came to New York with $3,000 in cash, and bought a bill of dry goods amounting to over $5,000. This was nine years ago. His sales the first year were $25,000, and increased steadily until last year they amounted to $254,000. The first week of this March he visited New York for spring goods, and brought with him a statement of his affairs, showing that he could close out his business immediately and have a cash capital of $72,000. He is the largest customer of the salesman who helped him at the start, and he does not forget the friendship and favor that in the beginning was the foundation of his business.

Wherein lies the secret of this young merchant's success? In his unswerving and undeviating honesty. It was his honest, upright character that gave him credit at the start, and it abides with him still. It is said of him that in all the years of his business he never made but one claim for a shortage of goods, but that often he has reported mistakes in favor of the jobber, which he corrected and mailed the difference in money. This is certainly a refreshing side in dry goods history which jobbers would be glad to appreciate, but seldom have opportunity, as mistakes in the jobbers' favor are not of frequent correction.

There is no patent right for this young merchant's success, the way is open for every boy and clerk in a dry goods store—for where there is a will there is a way. Try it, young clerk behind the counter; work for it and aim to be an employer yourself.

Valuable and Convenient.—BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are a safe and sure remedy for Bronchitis, Coughs, and other troubles of the Throat and Lungs. *Sold only in boxes.* Price, 25 cents.

Shall we Meet Again?

The following, from the pen of the late George D. Prentice, was regarded as meritorious when it first appeared, and age seems to have but added to its worth:

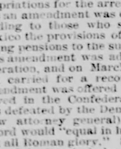
"The flat of death is inexorable. No appeal for relief from the great law which doons us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom, whither and fade in a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude that throng the world today will disappear as footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its dark passage may lead to paradise; we do not want to go down into damp graves, even with princes for bedfellows. In the beautiful drama of Ion, the hope of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his life a sacrifice to fate, his Clemantbe asks if they should meet again; to which he responds: 'I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that are eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of stars among those fields of azure my raised spirits have walked in glory. All are dumb; but, as I gazed upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemantbe.'"

Climax of Anglophobia.

"I heard a story in New York," said Emery Storrs, "the other day that rather amused me. You know the Knickerbocker club there is the nursery of the Anglomaniac. You don't find anything at the Knickerbocker club but b. and s., as they call it, and English literature. English newspapers are daily filed; footmen and tigers abound, and the whole atmosphere of the place is the one-eyeglass order. A friend of mine, Capt. Bacon, was coming up the street in front of the club house, when a young man whom he knew came out. "Why Jack," he said, "what's the matter? Got your trousers rolled up and an umbrella spread. Why it is a bright day—what does it mean?"

"Yes, dear boy. Sun here, you know, but they've just got a cable in the club house that's it's rainin' in Lunnon. You see?"—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

PURIFY THE BLOOD



BAD BLOOD, SCROFULOUS, Inherited and Contagious Humors, with Loss of Hair, Glandular Swellings, Ulcerous Patches in the Throat and Mouth, Abscesses, Tumors, Carbuncles, Blotches, Sores, Scurvy, Wasting of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Enemia, Debility, Chronic Rheumatism, Constipation and Piles, and most diseases arising from an Impure or Impoverished Condition of the Blood, are speedily cured by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier internally, as blood purifier that forever eradicates the virus of Inherited and Contagious Blood Poisons.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Blood Humors."

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

The finest tonic for nervous people is Hostetter Stomach Bitters, which insures perfect digestion and assimilation, and positive performance of their functions of the bowels. As the system acquires tone by its use, the influence of this tonic medicine, the most effectual safeguard against malarial complaint, becomes more and more tranquil, headache and dizziness disappear, and that nameless anxiety which is a peculiar dread of the dyspeptic, gives way to cheerfulness. Forestablish health with a sure foundation, use the peerless invigorant. For sale by all Druggists and dealers generally.

METAL POISON

I am a coppersmith by trade, and the small particles of brass and copper from filing got into sores on my arms and poisoned my whole system. Mercury administered brought on rheumatism, and I became a helpless wreck. I took two bottles of Swift's Specific. My legs, arms and hands are all right again. I use them without pain. My restoration is due to S. S. S. PETER E. LOVE.
Jan. 9, 1885. Augusta, Ga.

MALARIAL POISON.

We have used Swift's Specific in our family as an antidote for malarial poison for two or three years, and have never known it to fail in a single instance.
Sumter Co., Ga., Sept. 11, 1884. W. C. FUDLOW.

ULCERS.

For six or eight years I suffered with ulcers on my right leg. I was treated with Iodide of Potassium and Mercury, and I became helpless. Six bottles of Swift's Specific made a permanent cure. M. D. WILSON.
Feb. 28, 1883. Gainesville, Ga.

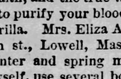
Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 159 W. 23d st., N. Y.

MEDICAL.

SURE CURE for weak and inflamed eyes. Receipt, with full instructions, 25 cents. Address Julius A. Nober, P. O. box 633, Bolivar, N. Y.

Free TRIAL of Dr. Scott's Electric Trusses for Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Loss of Vitality, Impotency, Nervousness, Lame Back, Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Spinal Diseases, Female Weakness, etc. Send for Pamphlet. DR. A. C. SCOTT & CO., 251 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR



Forces Luxuriant Mustache, Whiskers or Beard to grow on bare spots in 30 days. No injury. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 50 cents. With every 3 Pkgs. sent we will give a $5 Gold Piece. Address DYKE & CO., Druggists, Chicago, Ill.

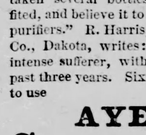
WANTED MEN NIGHT EMISSIONS quickly and permanently cured. Description of INSTRUMENT, (WORN NIGHTS,) and method of cure sent free in plain sealed envelope. Send stamp to DR. JAMES WILSON, Box 156, Cleveland, Ohio. Mention this paper.

TO WEAK MEN suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, lost manhood, etc. I will send you a valuable treatise upon the above diseases, also directions for self-cure, free of charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

FREE PRESCRIPTIONS are to be found in the "SCIENCE of HEALTH," for the speedy cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Despondency, etc. A copy of this book will be sent free, sealed. Address SCIENCE of HEALTH, 130 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Self Cure Free Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, and Decay. A favorite prescription of a noted specialist (now retired.) Druggists can fill it. Address DR. WARD & CO., LOUISIANA, MO.

LADIES! Nentro-Pillene, *only* Hair Solvent known. *Permanently dissolves* superfluous hair, *root and branch* in 3 minutes, *without pain, discoloration or injury.* Vita Pillene, guaranteed to produce hair on bald heads across falling hair and cure dandruff. Send 2 stamps for particulars. THE UNIVERSITY CHEMICAL PREPARATION WORKS 249 S. 6th St. Phila. Pa.



DR. HORNE'S ELECTRIC TRUSS

RUPTURE

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THE first annual report of the Bureau of Animal Industry has been issued by the Agricultural department, and is a volume which gives a great deal of desirable and valuable scientific information in a very readable form. The diseases of cattle have been made, of course, a special study, and there are reports of experts in different sections of the country, as there are of the modes of diffusion of disease. The cattle industry of the West and the meat trade, including canning, are most interesting studies. The former is not yet brought to any such system as to allow a perfect census, but the figures, at the lowest, are enormous, as the future possibilities are incalculably large. This new bureau seems to have entered upon its work with equal zeal and intelligence, and while the labor so far accomplished is rather preliminary than otherwise, it is still of sufficient magnitude and value to promise great benefit in the future. National supervision of the animals of the country, if properly carried out, will not only relieve the states but will accomplish that which no individual state could hope to do, while the expense need be nothing more than the merest trifle in comparison with the saving which will come to the people at large through the knowledge which is diffused.

THE question of what will be done with the nominations upon which the Senate failed to act before adjournment, is answered, upon what is considered good authority, as follows: The men who have been nominated but were not confirmed will be given commissions and allowed to assume the immediate control of their offices. When the Senate meets next December the nominations will come up again for confirmation. There will be reappointments wherever there are rejections unless it is shown to the satisfaction of the President that the nominees are unfit to fill the positions to which they have been nominated. Should the Senate refuse to confirm a nomination next winter the President may reappoint the officer when the Senate adjourns, and he will thus remain in continuous possession of the office. It is the opinion at the department of State that the Senate's protection of an officer is of no practical benefit. When the President wants an office he can get it at any time and fill it with whom he pleases, and practically there is no answer to make except to the public.

THE BLADE'S Temperance Cartoons are pronounced by over 10,000 active temperance men and women in the United States and Canada, to be the most effective publications ever issued. It costs but a trifle to cover ten miles square with them, as we are sending them out at cost of paper, printing and postage. See terms in Publishers' Department, fifth page. A few cents goes a great way with them.

THERE is one showing made by the report of the Union Pacific railroad which is worthy the attention of those who are ready to find excuse for extortions in freight rates, and extreme cuts in the salaries of employes. The official statement of the above road shows an increase in net earnings of $331,200, for January, 1885, as compared with the same month of 1884. There was less actual traffic this year than the previous one; hence it follows that this increase in earnings must have come from two sources: compelling those who used its facilities for transportation to pay more than they should, and cutting the wages of its employes. Thus the laboring element of the country—the farmers who till the soil, the men who toil in the service of the road—is compelled to bear not only its own burden of hard times, but to assume unjustly part of the burden that falls to the share of the road itself.

THE point of indegibility could certainly have been raised as to the appointment of S. S. Cox to the Turkish mission, on the ground that the salary had been increased while he was a member of the House of Representatives. This was done last winter, it being raised from $7,500 to $10,000, and chiefly, too, through the instrumentality of Mr Cox. Sec. 6 of Art. 1 of the constitution prescribes that: "No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States, which shall have been created, or the emoluments thereof shall have been increased during such time."

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

WHILE business, according to *Bradstreet*, is reviving at business centers, the season is still backward, and the industrial situation as a whole is not improving as rapidly as was hoped for. That is not strange. It is not likely that there will be any sudden return to prosperity. It will be gradual and slow, but sure. Meanwhile the people are receiving a lesson in economy which they will not be likely to forget.

THE condition of the winter wheat is now a topic of interest. South of the Ohio river, the winter has been exceptionally hard on the crop in the ground, the surface being bare during some of the coldest weather, while the spring has been very dry so far. The Kansas crop is estimated at 15,000,000 bushels, against 47,000,000 last year. The general acreage being much less than last year's, the Eastern grain men are figuring on a total of only about 400,000,000 bushels.

LABOR difficulties are still looming up in all parts of the country. Strikes are expected on June 1, as a result of the efforts of employers to cut down the present rates. Reports have been received of disrupting tendencies in the Amalgamated association of iron and steel workers. The trouble is more or less local in character, and visible thus far only in the withdrawal of several lodges where the interests of members are held by the latter to be no longer identical with those of the main association. Further reductions in New England cotton and woolen mills are expected in the near future.

THE dry goods trade is reported as improving in the East, according to the jobbers' reports. Cotton is coming in in such limited quantities that higher rates may be looked for.

THE condition of business in the seaboard states of the South, from the Carolinas to Mississippi, is reported as discouraging. Failures are many, and far-reaching in their effects, and there is nothing in the situation to lead to a looking for better things in the near future.

THE American Copyright League is busy again. It has just issued a public address rehearsing the injustice done to both native and foreign authors by the want of an international copyright.

THE variations in the thickness of the war cloud over Russia and England are so many that it is hard to keep track of them. A week ago a conflict seemed inevitable. The Queen issued a proclamation calling out the reserves, and putting the militia on permanent duty; the government engaged several large passenger steamers as transport vessels, and everything pointed to war. Since then the proposal to establish a neutral zone until the boundary commission has fixed the proper line finally, and to secure Russia against that line running too far to the north, has been cordially accepted. The limit of Russian advance is thus determined temporarily, and a permanent solution is assured.

THE report made by the medical staff attached to the Khartoum expedition, to the effect that if the military stations in the Soudan be retained fully one half of the English troops will die from the effects of the heat, is doubtless preliminary to the complete withdrawal of the English army into Egypt. That the sentiment in England has been gradually tending in that direction since the excitement over the death of Gen. GORDON has abated is certain, and this report will intensify the feeling. Gen. GRAHAM has been ordered to enter into peace negotiations with OSMAN DIGNA, and it is very probable that this long and terrible Soudan trouble will soon be over.

THE prospect of war with Japan has, doubtless, contributed towards China's willingness to make peace with France upon terms favorable to the latter. Had the news reached Paris a little sooner it is likely that M. FERRY would not have been compelled to step down and out, but would rather be the idol of the populace.

THE question now is what EL MAHDI will do with the several men of science who went into Africa two or three years ago for purposes of research and exploration. By this time, not being able to get their supplies by way of Khartoum and the Nile, they must be both helpless and destitute among some of the tribes they have encountered, and will no doubt soon fall, if they have not fallen, into EL MAHDI's hands. If he understands their object and is satisfied that they are not spies, he will, doubtless, treat them well. Otherwise it will go hard with them.

THE foreign trouble that is now the most lively is that in Manitoba where the rebel RIEL is at the head of forces, not so formidable in numbers at present, but becoming more so every day. The cause of the revolt is the disaffection of the half breeds with the allotment of lands by the government, since the cession in 1869 by the Hudson Bay Company of the Northwest to the Dominion. The troops of RIEL are not, as said before, numerous, but they are of just the material for frontier warfare, and the Canadian troops, now being hurried to the scene of disturbance, will not find it so easy a matter to put down the insurgents.

THE aspect of affairs in Central America has changed considerably within a week. BARRIOS, whose object was to unite the five Colombian states into a confederation with himself as dictator, has been defeated and killed, and with his death will probably come to an end the resolution. The trouble at Panama which the United States troops have gone to quell is another affair, a sort of cheap arrangement gotten up by some renegades in Colombia, who have succeeded in burning Aspinwall and doing considerable mischief, but which the presence of United States soldiers will probly bring quickly to an end.

THE British government is buying the best and fastest of the great Atlantic steamers for use in the transportation of troops to India in case of war with Russia. It has already secured the Oregon and Etruria, of the Cunard line, the Alaska and Arizona, of the Guion line, and the America, of the National line. These include the ships of fastest record on the ocean, and comprise the finest fleet in the world.

NEXT July there is to be an Industrial exhibition in Paris. These affairs will get to be so common by and by that people will not care to go to the expense of making displays, and with the idea of cholera ahead, the manufacturers and inventors in this country will not be likely to be enthusiastic with regard to the matter this summer.

THE EFFECT OF PROHIBITION.

The opponents of Prohibition are of three classes—those directly interested in the liquor traffic, and who are so utterly conscienceless as to be willing to commit slow murder for money, those who do not feel interest enough in humanity to lift a finger to save their fellows, and politicians, who, knowing that the Rum interest is always active and the temperance sentiment inactive, find their profit in keeping on a good footing with Rum. These classes labor to find some reason for opposing Prohibition and advocating license, and the chief reason they advance is that Prohibition does not prohibit. The following particulars were lately submitted by the clerk of the Circuit court of Edwards county, Illinois:

There has not been a licensed saloon in this county for over twenty years. During this time our jail has not averaged an occupant. This county never sent but one person to the penitentiary, and that man was sent up for killing his wife while drunk on whisky got from a licensed saloon in an adjoining county. We have but very few paupers in our poor house, sometimes only three or four. Our taxes are 32 per cent. less than they are in adjoining counties where saloons are licensed. Our people are prosperous, peaceable and sober, there being but very little drinking except near Grayville, a licensed town of White county, near our border. The different terms of our circuit court occupy three or four days each year.

Statistics show that in Maine, where the liquor traffic is prohibited, there is but one criminal to 3,200 of population, while in California where licensed saloons prevail, there is one criminal to every 600 of population, and throughout the whole Union the prevalence of crime is in almost exact proportion to the amount of intoxicants used. Edwards county, Illinois, and Vineland, New Jersey, are cases in point, and in the South where local option has lately been adopted by many counties, one of the first results noted is, that the amount of crime is so perceptibly and speedily diminished that it does not and cannot fail to attract attention and remark.

They oppose Prohibition, in face of the fact that in Portland, Maine, it has reduced the number of places where intoxicating liquors are sold from over 300 to 4 open and 25 secret ones, in face of the fact that in the villages and smaller towns the traffic has been wiped out altogether, and a generation has grown up, within the thirty years that the traffic has been prohibited, who know not the taste of rum.

Following Prohibition in Maine has come the result its advocates hoped for. Crime has been perceptibly lessened, and where it exists it can be almost invariably traced to the secret whiskey selling which the law has not as yet been able to reach. The moral and financial condition of the state has been vastly improved. Prohibition has reduced the consumption of intoxicants from $13,000,000 to $500,000, and that tells the whole story.

Of course the Brewers and Distillers will oppose Prohibition for it takes out of their hands the classes they want. They want the privilege of making drunkards as well as supplying those already made. It is the boys they are after. Every saloon in a place means that a number of the boys in that place will become drinkers, and drunkards. No saloon can subsist upon the custom of old and confirmed drinkers alone. A dozen young men ruined in character and in health, for every saloon existing, would not be too large an estimate. And these boys will not be the ones in the community that can best be spared. If there is anything well established by experience it is that the drink craze is no respecter of persons but that all are liable to be affected by it. The rich as well as the poor, the children of Christian parents as well as the hoodlums of the street, are equally in danger.

Prohibition reaches out its protecting arm and tears these boys from their grasp. Prohibition cannot restrain the confirmed drunkard, for there is no law which prevents entirely any wrong-doing. The work of the church is not so much to save confirmed wickedness as it is to keep those innocent from contamination. Prohibition cannot keep the confirmed drunkard from his fatal indulgence, for that habit once fixed never sleeps, and is always dragging its victim down. But it does prevent the young boy from acquiring the habit. It may not rescue the sot of this generation, but it prevents the innocent boys who will make up the next from becoming sots. That is the strength of Prohibition and that is why the merchants in human souls hate it and oppose it. They want the boys.

Every parent in the country, if he loves his children, should be a Prohibitionist, for it is the only way to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

The civil service law, as to its actual provisions, covers only about 15,000 positions out of a civil list of something like 100,000 persons. In its very nature, the law is but an experiment. It has worked well, however, with those offices to which its authority extends, and is hated and feared by the Democratic strikers because there is no logical reason why its scope should not be increased to embrace the remainder of the civil list—to extend to all appointive positions under the government, in fact, save only the heads of the executive departments who form the President's cabinet, and those ministerial officers who are entrusted with carrying out in foreign lands the policy of the administration.

The real Democratic grievance is just here. It is not over the 15,000 men retained under a strict interpretation of the law concerning removals, but over the principle embodied in the law—the principle called "civil service reform," to which CLEVELAND has announced his adhesion, and in accordance with the observance of this principle is keeping in their positions some 85,000 men who could be removed at his pleasure, or that of his Cabinet officers. Instead of ordering these men to take up their belongings and vacate at once, that the "boys might come in and warm their toes," as a certain Democratic statesman expressed it, he has announced that capacity and proper attention to duty will keep them in their places.

Hence the cursing and hair-pulling in the Democratic henshold. Every place thus filled at present, outside of the 15,000 protected by the civil service law, is demanded by a crowd of rounders and ward workers, who are squealing like the swine of Gadara of old, and squabbling, and wriggling, and scrambling over one another's backs to get their noses into the public trough. And their voices rend the air with the cumulative squeal that goes up as they become conscious that the bar which CLEVELAND has put up keeps them out as effectually as the election of BLAINE himself would have done.

WHAT CLEVELAND MEANS.

There are two noteworthy things developing in the nominations made by CLEVELAND. The first is, their geographical distribution; the second, the probability that the policy of civil service reform will be soon thrown overboard, and the JACKSONIAN style of dividing up the spoils as rapidly as possible be inaugurated.

As to the first point, the general rule seems to be, to give the offices to the sections whose electoral votes placed CLEVELAND in power. That is, the lion's share goes to the Solid South and New York, with the possibility that Connecticut, New Jersey and Indiana will get their proportionate share later. This simple rule seems incomprehensible to the Democratic horde of office-seekers from Republican states. They demur to the severe logic which gives the fruits of victory to the states whose Democratic votes were effective, and neglects the Democrats whose will was good enough, but whose voting strength was overborne by Republican majorities. As a Washington correspondent figures it out, "without the solid South the Democracy would have been in the hands of a receiver many years ago, and in the last campaign it cast five-sevenths of the total Democratic electoral vote. This simple fraction appears to be quite beyond their comprehension. The gentlemen from the states named, as well as those from other Northern states, are inclined to complain with a strong tinge of bitterness that so many good offices are going to the South. And yet, if the ratio of the electoral votes should be strictly followed, as the South can fairly claim that it should be, then for every office that goes to New York the South should receive five of equal grade. For every one that Indiana receives the South should have ten; for each one allotted to New Jersey this solid section would be entitled to seventeen, and when one was given to Connecticut 25 should be handed over as the corresponding portion of the South."

There are a few exceptions to the general rule. The nomination of PHELPS, of Vermont, to the English mission, is one of these. HENRY WARD BEECHER claims the credit of this, and is perhaps entitled to it—partly on personal grounds, born of the strenuous work the Plymouth pastor did in the canvass (including the effusive incident of the letter to Mrs. BEECHER, and her husband's proclamation thereof on the housetops), and partly as a sop to the mugwumps. The nomination of PEARSON to succeed himself as the postmaster at New York is believed to be considered by CLEVELAND as paying off all debt remaining to the mugwumps, and they are expected to quit their clamor concerning HIGGINS, and sit in open-eyed admiration of the executive forevermore, no matter what may betide. Then the appointment of PENDLETON to the Berlin mission is to be explained as another act of formal devotion to the civil service idea, in rewarding the father of the measure for his work in its elaboration. And it is a recognition of the Democracy of the third state in the Union, and is also intended as an encouragement to them to go in this fall and capture the state, if possible, so as to replace peerless JOHN SHERMAN in the United States Senate by a Democrat.

As to the second point, within the ten days preceding the adjournment of the Senate, a number of officers, notably internal revenue collectors and officials in the customs service, whose terms of four years each had not yet expired, were removed, and in no case did CLEVELAND sent to the Senate any reasons for their dismissal. This action is in direct contravention to the distinct statements of CLEVELAND less than a month ago. It is a practical nullification of the civil service law, and placed the Senate in the position of either consenting to the violation of the law by the executive, by acquiescing in removals which are dictated by nothing but political reasons, or of calling upon him to assign his reasons. In case the reasons are given, it is perfectly competent for the Senate to refuse to confirm any new appointee, and thus to continue the present incumbent in office.

In this dilemma in which the Republican Senators were placed, a caucus was held, and the conclusion reached to resist all removals not made for valid reasons before the expiration of the term of office of the incumbent.

The most ready solution of the apparent inconsistency of CLEVELAND in this matter is, that the pressure of the Democratic leaders upon him has been too great, and that he thus shrewdly threw the burden of carrying out the civil service theory upon the Republican majority of the Senate. They must either cheerfully acquiesce in the decapitation of their political friends in defiance of the law itself, or they must tie CLEVELAND's hands by refusing to confirm such appointments. But the Senate has now adjourned, and the expected contest over nominations for partisan reasons is postponed until next session. The point of interest to the country is at present, whether the pressure will be so great that CLEVELAND will be compelled to yield, and remove Republican officials by wholesale to make places for the Bourbons, who can hold the positions until next December, when the matter of their confirmation will come up before the Senate.

CLEVELAND has solved the problem of the ages—how to eat your cake and still have it. He can carry out civil service reform (with the opposition of the Senate to his appointees), and still yield to the clamor of the faithful for office. Shrewd CLEVELAND!

THE BLADE's portrait of GRANT is the best, the most life-like and most satisfactory likeness of the old hero, ever engraved. It is 19x24, just the size for framing. It should be in the house of every loyal family. Single 25 cts., by mail, post-paid. Write for terms to agents. There is large money in selling them.

THE funniest event that has yet occurred connected with the scramble for offices, was the appointment of BUCK, of Kentucky, Minister to Peru. BUCK is a Mississippi carpet-bagger who emigrated some years ago to the blue-grass region of Kentucky, where he settled down as a lawyer. His practice being limited, he set his eyes on the Peruvian mission. He took his petition around to the Kentucky Congressmen, and every one signed it in a perfunctory way, not knowing or caring who BUCK was or what he wanted. Having such unanimous endorsement, he captured the persimmon, and the Kentuckians are sitting up nights to swear at him and their own stupidity in signing his petition.

BEECHER ON THE NEGRO.

HENRY WARD BEECHER was in Louisville the other day, and aired his views on the past and present relations of the colored people. He excoriated slavery—which he could safely do, as it is dead. But the putting of the ballot into the hands of the negro was "an astounding event," he thinks. He was correct, however, in stating that "it came not from belief in their fitness then for suffrage, but from the conviction that it was necessary for their defense." He is compelled to admit that the colored voters "have not misused their power," and that "colored voting since the war has been fully as wise as was white voting before the war." And then he made a half-apology for the Bourbon aristocrats of the South in their high-handed, outrageous methods of nullifying the votes of the negro citizens, who, according to his own confession, have not misused the ballot:

Colored people of the South, after becoming citizens, did not seek revenge nor mischief. They intended well. Not their fault that many results were evil. It was bad enough for white citizens to see late slaves led by foreign influence. It might be political necessity; it was not any the less thing grievous to be borne by white fellow-citizens. But where the emancipated were largely largely in excess of white voters, it amounted in fact to subjection of white people to legislation of colored, and, in those states where legislatures were in power of late slaves and where Northern men, not always wisest, led them on to foolish and wasteful legislation, increasing taxation and squandering resnits of it, plunging states deeply into debt by unmerciful issue of bonds, it is not to be wondered at that something like revolutionary methods were adopted, and that self-defense led men to violent resistance.

He then looks down the vista of coming years, and predicts what the future historian will chronicle concerning the negro. He admits that the admirable conduct of the slave population during the war, their great bravery when enrolled in the Union ranks, their good behavior after the establishment of peace, their thirst for education, in order to fit themselves for their new responsibilities, will be a marvel in the annals of the country. Then, on the other hand, he is lost in admiration at "the remarkable conduct of the white population of the south, hurled from political power, defeated in war, wasted in all resources, wounded in every household in loss of husband, son or father, all industries subverted and to be refounded on a new basis, and worse than all to see their late slaves changing place with their masters and holding the reins of legislation under foreign leadership," and asks if it is wonderful that "at such a revolution, convulsion rather, Southern citizens often mistook the way of duty, that some rude remedies of violence were practiced, that some counter methods of violence were at tempted?"

Note the phrase "foreign leadership." It is rather late in the day to assume that the Union was a foreign country during the reconstruction era. And what would Mr. BEECHER have had the South do? It fought in the field until it could fight no longer. Was it then to yield in an orderly, peaceful manner, or utterly destroy what was left of property, of civilization, in the wasted land, by a guerrilla warfare, a Mexicanization of the South? Never was a rebellion concluded on such generous terms, never were the men who had fostered and guided it treated so well. The misfortunes of the Southern people, which BEECHER so graphically describes in the sentence quoted above, were their own doing. They invoked the arbitrament of the sword, when they failed to keep control of the national government, and when its decree was given against them, they had no right to complain. Had every man who raised his voice or his arm to aid treason been forever disfranchised, the penalty would not have been too great. Had every dollar's worth of property, every foot of land, been declared forfeited to the nation, no one had any right to complain. Had the state lines in the South been abolished, and the whole section been divided into half-a-dozen territories, governed by Congress as are the other territories, no one could have complained that the United States dealt too harshly with the rebel section. Mr. BEECHER may paint the condition of the South in as dark colors as he chooses, but he cannot hide the fact that it brought all this woe on its own head, and that the treatment it received at the hands of the nation was a marvel of magnanimity—and that this magnanimity was not appreciated, not received properly by the defeated rebels.

And Mr. BEECHER left out one great question—the nullification of the colored vote to day, by which only was the choice of CLEVELAND rendered possible. He can mourn over the devastation produced in the South by the war, but he has no word of condemnation for the scoundrelly usurpation of the government of half-a-dozen states by the old rebel aristocrats, who have established white oligarchies in place of republics. Nor has he one word to say of the losses of the North, of the homes whose light went out in darkness forever when the husband, the father, or the son, fell on some Southern battlefield, or starved and died in the unnamable filth and misery of a prison-pen. His sympathies apparently go out to the element which has been always the dangerous one in our politics—that assumes that it is the only one fitted to rule the nation, and will stop at nothing, where it has the power to carry out that idea.

Now that India has come forward as a competitor with the United States in the production of wheat, it may be interesting to know that the British government has established at Madras an agricultural college, and is busily engaged in the work of encouraging agriculture by applying science and education to it. From the last report of this college, it is shown that it had last summer 87 students of whom 47 were Brahmans, 12 Mohammedans, 8 Europeans, Eurasians and native Christians, and 20 Sudras and others. Their names and relative standing are given. Also the report furnished synopses of the lines of instruction pursued, with a few words as to the results, and a full list of the questions given to the students in examination. It shows what an excellent work is being done there in the agricultural interests.

A BROTHER-IN-LAW is sometimes useful. CARL SCHURZ's brother-in-law gets the Consulship at Vienna. CARL supported CLEVELAND last fall. JAMES GORDON BENNETT's brother-in-law has been appointed Minister Resident at the Hague. BENNETT's paper, the New York *Herald*, supported CLEVELAND last fal

SEE terms for temperance cartoons on 5th page, and send for as many as you can afford. Nothing more effective has ever been published.

IMPROVIDENCE AND DRUNKENNESS AMONG ENGLISH WORKINGMEN.

The volume of United States Consular Reports for January, which has just been issued by the Department of State, contains three reports by Consul LOCKE, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the first on "Destitution in the North of England," the second on "Iron Workers' Wages in the North of England," and the third on "Trade Depression in the North of England." Many of the facts embodied in these valuable reports have already been given to the readers of the BLADE in Mr. LOCKE's letters. In fact, the usefulness of the Consular Reports is often seriously impaired by the delay in their publication by the government, and it is especially the case with those upon topics such as Mr. LOCKE discusses. There seems to be no good reason why they should not be issued during the month of date. A January report in April is certainly very much behind hand.

From the report on "Destitution in the North of England," the following portion is given, showing the lamentable improvidence of the English laborers, and the part that the traffic in intoxicating drinks plays in increasing the want and misery of their women and children. The men whose condition is discussed are those engaged in the various departments of the ship-building trade:

In times like these lessons are always read the laboring classes as to how they should have lived in order to preserve themselves from such straits as those in which they now find themselves. But it seems impossible for the laborer, of the north of England at least, to benefit by these lessons. This is due to a number of causes, one of the chiefest of which is what seems to be a faulty system of early training.

A few days a young man of perhaps 25 or 30 years came to me for assistance in finding one of his brethern in America. He wanted aid from him. He said:

"I have been out of work for fourteen weeks, and there is no prospect of getting anything this winter, and I can't bear to see my wife and two children suffer. I must appeal to my brother in America for help."

"What is your trade?"

"I am a fitter, sir; but you know there is no ship-building here now, and will not be till spring at least, and by that time we may be all starved to death."

"Why don't you go to work at something else?"

"I don't know anything else. I was brought up a fitter, and have always been a fitter; and now that there is nothing for fitters to do I am without any resource."

That explains it all. Instead of learning every branch of a trade thoroughly, these men seem to be content to know simply one part of it, and to that one part they seem to stick all their lives, living well when there is work in that particular branch and totally unable to do anything else when there is not.

The last few years have seen a great improvement in this district, but the fact still remains that the working classes here about to are frightfully improvident.

For the past four years wages in the ship-building trade (and it is the men in that trade who are suffering most to-day) have been far above average wages, as there was a remarkable demand for high-class vessels, and builders were reaping such harvests that they could afford to and did pay big wages to workmen, not profiting by the experiences of the past, seemed to imagine that such a condition of affairs was to endure forever, and their money went as fast as it came, no provision at all being made for the possibility of a sudden and total stoppage of the flow of the golden stream. When work ceased from lack of fresh orders, the men found themselves not only without means, but too frequently badly in debt.

Then came the periodical visits to the pawn shop, and the final appeal to the relief committee for the aid their prudence in times of plenty should have provided.

SQUANDERED FOR LIQUOR.

And the temperance question plays no unimportant part in this matter. In a city of the size of Newcastle, where there are so many diverse interests, the consumption of liquor and the amounts of money expended therein are not so noticeable as in smaller places, where the great proportion of the people are engaged in one branch of trade. Take, for instance, the town of Sunderland, in this consular district, whose population of 104,000 is very largely made up of shipbuilders. There are in that town no less than 587 drinking establishments, and a careful estimate places the amount of money received direct from workingmen at £500 per annum.

Where the men are paid off Saturday noon, the public houses claim them from that hour till closing time at 11 o'clock at night, and only too often the next night also, the following Monday being devoted to getting into condition to resume work on Tuesday. A thorough, practical temperance reformation in the north of England would materially lighten the burden over which the taxpayer moans so unceasingly, and would go a great way towards preventing such frequent recurrence of widespread distress, such as that existing here at the present time.

It is not my purpose here to enter into the merits or demerits of labor unions, but it is only just to note the fact that two or three firms of ship-builders on the Tyne have offered to contribute to the relief fund by laying the keels of new vessels, an entirely uncalled for action on their part, in order to give employment, at short time and at reduced wages, to as many workmen as possible.

In each case the workmen have refused these offers, declaring that they would not work at less than schedule time and wages.

OUR portrait of the old hero, Gen. GRANT, is pronounced to be the best ever produced. It is from a photograph for which the dying General sat for us expressly, before the troubles came that really killed him. The annexed card from JOHN S. KOUNTZ, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, is evidence of its value:

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, TOLEDO, O., April 3, 1885.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.:

The portrait of Gen. Grant, published by you, is the best and most life-like I have ever seen. It has the expression of the grand old man as he was in his best days, before the distresses that embittered his last hours, and which really drove him into his grave, and robbed him of the distinctive expression whom we, who served under him, knew so well.

It is a life-like, speaking likeness, a portrait which has the soul of the man in it.

Every soldier who reveres the memory of his old commander, who wants a lasting memento of him should have this portrait.

JOHN S. KOUNTZ,
Commander-in-Chief

Every post of the Grand Army, every soldier and every Republican should have this life-like portrait. Single copies 25 cents. Write for terms to Agents.

JEFFERSON has become the fashion again in these Democratic-renaissance days, and the brethren of the Bourbon press are digging out old letters and speeches of his, which have not seen the light for a half century. In a letter recently published, written in 1801, JEFFERSON lays down the sound doctrine that the true grounds for removal from office should be "delinquency, oppression, intolerance and *ante-revolutionary adherence to our enemies.*" CLEVELAND reverses the Jeffersonian rule in the closing particular. Adherence to the enemies of the Union before and during the war, is one of the strongest possible claims to office under his administration.

NINETY-NINE photographs of the various stages of the recent eclipse of the sun were taken at the Washington Observatory, by a party consisting of Commander BROWN, Ensigns TAYLOR and WINTERHALTER, and Mr. W. F. GARDNER, the instrument maker of the Observatory.

THE *American Almanac* for 1881, which is edited by the Librarian of Congress, Mr. SPOFFORD, gives the total popular vote at the recent Presidential election as 10,048,061 or 79.9 per cent of the voters indicated by the census of 1880.

THE population of the Soudan is estimated at 6,000,000, of which one-third are fixed residents, and the other two-thirds nomad tribes.

WASTED EFFORT.

There is a vast deal of misdirected energy in America. Men with an inventive turn of mind, but unfortunately without that thorough knowledge of scientific laws which is almost a necessity for eventual success, waste years of their lives, and all the money they can save, in pursuing some mechanical chimera. There is not a month in the year but that some person writes to the BLADE making inquiries which show them to be engaged in some futile search. We have before us a letter from an honest mechanic, inquiring "what reward is offered by the government for the discovery of perpetual motion, and who is the proper officer to address concerning it?" Had this seeker after the impossible spent the evenings of one week in reading up the law of the conservation of force, he would not be wasting his time and talents, as his query plainly shows that he is doing. Our schools should dwell upon such matters. It can be clearly shown to any bright boy or girl of fourteen that there is in the universe only a certain amount of force, and that we can not increase this by one particle; that the function of a machine is to change one manifestation of this force into another, or to change the direction of a force exerted. If these things are understood, and especially if it is made clear that no possible machine can create force, then no more time will be wasted in search after perpetual motion machines, and fewer mistakes will be made by really earnest seekers after improved machines for use or improved methods. An eminent physicist says on this subject: "When a young man brings to me some wonderful improvement over the ordinary crank motion, some device that is to supersede the crank of the steam engine, a feeling of utter helplessness comes over me; I know not where or how to begin; he has had no opportunity to learn the simple laws of mechanics, and to point out the fallacy of his argument means to teach him the laws of mechanism, so I can only say to him, 'Don't', and may advise him what books to read."

NEVADA'S "ANTI-TREATING" LAW.

The legislature of Nevada has just enacted a law against "treating," which will deal a powerful blow at the drinking habit. So long as the regulation of the liquor traffic is made the objective point of attack, such measures are most commendable. For ourselves, we are out of patience with attempts to "regulate" whisky and beer drinking. It is as futile, as a means of checking the evils of liquor, as an attempt to tame a hyena. It has to be killed, not tamed. However, as the bill is of interest to those engaged in the war on the rum power, we give it in full:

Section 1. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to treat or entertain gratuitously any other person or persons to or with any spirituous or malt liquor or liquors, wine or cider, or any beverage whatever, or to or with any other article whatever, whereby any spirituous or malt liquors, wine or cider, or any other beverage, shall be obtained gratuitously in any public bar-room, saloon, beer hall or grocery in this state, or in any other public place of resort or amusement in this state.

Sec. 2. It shall be unlawful for any one to attempt to evade the provisions of this act by any subterfuge or subterfuge whatever, such as pretending to sell one article and delivering another, or by falsely pretending to buy or sell any such beverage.

Sec. 3. Any person or persons violating the first section of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and, on conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine of not more than $50 nor less than $4, or by imprisonment in the county jail not more than two days nor less than five days, or both such fine and imprisonment.

Sec. 4. Any person or persons violating the second section of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and, upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine of not more that $50 nor less than $10, or by imprisonment in the county jail not more than 25 days nor less than five days, or both such fine and imprisonment.

Sec. 5. In the event of the failure of any person to pay any fine authorized by this act, the said fine shall be served out in the county jail at the rate of $2 a day. All fines herein specified shall be over and above all costs of court and fees and charges of the trial.

Sec. 6. All moneys collected under the provisions and by the authority of this act shall be paid into the general school fund of the county in which the conviction is had.

SEC. LAMAR made a great parade of selling a couple of horses formerly used at the Interior department, but the fact that he used the money—and considerable more—to furnish a palatial bath room and consultation room was not heralded to the country with equal readiness. It is said that the furnishings of the bath-room alone cost more than the horses brought in. Then the bath-room decreased the number of clerical rooms at the Interior department, and the space is so packed already that rooms have to be rented outside of private parties for occupancy by clerks. The transaction is altogether one of the most flagrant and despicable burlesques on economy seen in Washington for many years, and is being denounced on every hand. It shows the sale of department stock to have not been made in the name of economy.

DR. LEONARD SAX, a disciple of the famous PASTEUR, claims that all alcoholic beverages are impregnated with certain bacteria which he calls *bacilli potumania*. The creatures, being introduced into the blood and diffused through the brain, by irritating the nerve centers produce the various evidences of drunkenness and delirium tremens. Dr. SAX maintains that it is possible, by injecting into the vein of the arm a few *bacilli potumania*, to produce all the effects of drunkenness. It is in the interest of saloon keepers to suppress Dr. SAX and his theories before they become generally known.

SEC. MANNING is said to be in doubt as to whether a strict interpretation of the present law will authorize an appropriation of money for the purchase of silver bullion at the rate of $2,000,000 a month, for the purpose of coinage. He has the matter under advisement, and if the doubt is found to be really a reasonable one, it is pretty certain that the enforced coinage of silver dollars will be stopped.

A NEW theory concerning the moon has been advanced by M. C. FLANDERS, a New York state astronomer, in which he holds that that satellite of ours is not a solid body. He claims that during the recent eclipse, its semi-transparency was made evident by means of a telescope, sun spots being observed through the moon's disc.

THE tariff policy of the administration is, briefly, to secure the perpetuity of Democratic rule in the Nation. The South is solid; hence the idea is to keep New York, New Jersey and Connecticut in line, and perhaps secure other Northern states, by adhering to protection, as expounded by Mr. RANDALL.

THE public debt decreased $483,000 during March.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The coinage at the Philadelphia mint in March amounted to $2,900,492.——Augusta, Fla., has a brick-yard which was established in the year 1820, and has turned out 250,000,000 bricks.——The United States fish commissioner talks of establishing a shad hatchery on the St. John's river, Florida.——A piece of gold worth $1,515 was recently found near Placerville, Cal.——A cabbage shown at Palatka, Fla., recently, weighed eighteen pounds.——A Tampa, Fla., turnip measures 27 inches around.——Sybella June, colored, died at Sutton's, Williamsburg county, S. C., a short time ago. She is said to have been 110 years of age.——Martinez, Cal., will soon be supplied with water from a source at an altitude of 480 feet and about five miles distant.——Mrs. Garfield denies emphatically that she is to be married, and says the rumor was started by some malicious person.——The extra session of the Senate adjourned Friday, leaving eleven nominations of the President unconfirmed.——The nomination of A. R. Lawton to be minister to Russia was withdrawn by the President, because of Lawton's political disabilities.——The artesian well in Atlanta, Ga., has been sunk nearly a quarter of a mile, but without encountering any water.——On a wager of $10, a pedestrian of Meridan, Conn., last week, ran from that city to New Haven and return, a distance of between 38 and 40 miles, in 6 hours and 45 minutes.——The President's favorite dish is pot-pie and Mr. Arthur's French cook does not know how to make it to suit the American palate.——Wendell Phillips left only $25,000 of a once large fortune. Mary Livermore says that the day before he died he burned a small fortune in notes against people for whom, he said, his executors might make trouble.——A contract for the lease of the Central Pacific railroad to the Southern Pacific for 99 years is said to have been practically agreed upon.——Bonds of the Texas & St. Louis railroad are to be issued upon the whole road at the rate of $12,000 per mile, making an aggregate of $10,080,000.——The Ohio Valley Glass company, at Wheeling, W. Va., was totally destroyed by fire for the second time in two years Friday, involving a loss of $14,000.—— L. J. Cist, of Cincinnati, who owned the largest and completest collection of autographs in the United States, is dead.——Hiram H. Kimpton, once a broker in Wall street with a fortune of $2,000,000, became an outcast from drink, and has been sent to a charitable institution in New York.

Correspondence.

LONDON LETTER.

What Their Duties Were in the Olden Times and What They are Now—An Illustrious Second Son—Some Recent Divorces in High Life—General Gossip.

Special Correspondence of the Blade.

LONDON, March 14, 1885.

In a recent letter mention was made of the manner in which sundry titled ladies of this realm add to their pin money by being constituted in the quaint under the titles of "Ladies of the Bedchamber," "Maids of Honor," "Bedchamber Women," etc. I have just come across an old volume in which I find the following "Ordinance for the Government of the Queen's Household," issued by Charles II. in 1663, shortly after the marriage of that monarch to the Princess "The Queen's Maids of Honour are to come into the Presence Chamber before eleven of the clock, and to go to prayers, and after prayers to attend until the Queen be set at dinner. Again at two o'clock, to return into the said Chamber, and there to remain until supper time. And when they shall be retired into their chamber, they submit of no man to come there; and that they go not out at any time, out of the Court without leave asked of the Lord Chamberlain, Vice-Chamberlain, or Her Majesty. And that the Mother of the Maids see all these orders concerning the Maids duly observed, as she will answer to the contrary. And if she find any refractoriness in these she should obey, that she acquaint the Lord Chamberlain therewith," which is now obsolete. The Maids may be ornamental in court, but they are not likely to make themselves very useful, or to submit to any such restrictions as those prescribed for their great-great-grandmothers. Like the "Ladies," they are merely companions of Her Majesty, having at a time, two of them for a month at a time, when they are relieved by the next two in rotation. The ladies receiving such very handsome wages, $1,750 each, for three months' companionship, are all members of the nobility.

The duties of the Bedchamber Women, eight of them, at $1,500 each per year, are not so onerous now as they formerly were. The late sprightly Duchess of Henrietta, Duchess of Suffolk, describing them in her time as follows:

"The bedchamber women came into waiting before the queen's prayers, which was before she dressed. The queen often shifted in a morning. If her majesty shifted at noon, by the bedchamber lady's hand, the bedchamber woman gave the shift to the lady without any ceremony, and the lady put it on.

"Sometimes, likewise, the bedchamber woman gave the fan to the lady in the same manner, and this was all the bedchamber lady did for the queen in her dressing. Sometimes the queen asked her handkerchief out of the back-stairs brought and set down on the side table the basin and ewer. Then the bedchamber women set it before the queen, and knelt on the other side of the table, over against the queen, the bedchamber lady only looking on. The bedchamber woman poured the water out of the ewer upon the Queen's hands. The bedchamber women pulled on the Queen's gloves when she could not do it herself. The page of the back-stairs was called in to put on the Queen's shoes. When the Queen dined in public the page reached the glass to the bedchamber woman, and she to the lady in waiting. The bedchamber woman brought the chocolate, and gave it without kneeling." All this is now out of fashion, the "women" get their wages without undergoing any such degradation. They are Viscountess Chelsea, Hon. Lady Hamilton-Gordon, Lady Codrington, Lady Sarah Elizabeth Lindsay, Hon. Mrs. Robert Bruce, Hon. Flora Clementina Isabella Macdonald, Hon. Mrs. Ferguson of Pitfour, and Hon. Horatia Charlotte Stopford.

NO WONDER THEY GROWL.

In charming contrast to the accounts—only too true, unfortunately,—of the distress existing among the working classes at the present time in London, in the north of England especially, is the return recently published of the money drawn from the English taxpayer by the royal family. I have already spoken of the Prince of Wales' income and revenues. His brother, the Duke of Edinburg, second son of the queen, is nearly as well fixed, inasmuch as he has drawn from the civil list during the twenty-seven months' reign of the present royal family of Great Britain and Ireland, ending with March 31, 1885, £15,000; since his marriage in 1874, £10,000; pay and allowances as rear admiral and superintendent of naval reserves, £1,200. Miscellaneous charges—special packets for conveyance of his royal highness and consort, £200. Total for twenty-seven months, £26,200, or at the rate of £11,644 per annum. Besides the Duke of Edinburg, £36,500—$182,950.

His Royal Highness enjoys the use of the royal palace of Clarence House, allotted him by Her Majesty the Queen. A large sum was expended by parliament, in altering and fitting up this residence for his use. As heir to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg, the duke will also be in receipt of the private income of his uncle, the reigning Duke, and a royal income of £30,000 a year. Some idea of the Duke of Edinburgh's wealth may further be gathered from the fact that his wife on her marriage brought him a private fortune of £30,000, a marriage portion of £30,000, and her life annuity of £10,250 a year, all told, these sums amounting to £70,250. Their children. Should she outlive the Duke, Her Royal Highness is to have £6,000 a year from the British consolidated fund besides.

DIVORCES IN HIGH LIFE.

The divorce case of the Earl of Durham attracted almost as much attention as that of Arkwright vs. Arkwright and Fitz-George, though it contained none of the sensational features of the latter, which may be briefly stated as follows:

Petitioner is Captain Frank Mysill Arkwright, who was married to the respondent on the 20th of August, 1878, in Hampshire. After the marriage the parties cohabited near Northampton, and two children have been born. Shortly after the marriage differences arose between the parties, which ultimately resulted in their separating by deed of mutual consent, the petitioner appearing to have lived in Sevenoaks, but after a time the petitioner could not find her place of residence. Ultimately he found she had gone to Ostend, where she lived for some time with Col. FitzGeorge, of the royal army.

It is now a question whether the queen will consider it necessary to dispense with the services of the son of her royal cousin, the Duke of Cambridge. Col. Fitz George's conduct in this matter must have been a great grief to his royal pate. The colonel is a son of the Duke of Cambridge by his morganatic marriage with Miss Fairbrother, daughter of a bookseller in Holywell street, who attained great celebrity as a ballet dancer at Drury Lane Theater, where the Duke of Cambridge became enamored of her. They were ultimately married in a left-handed way, and six children are the result of the union, the one who figured as co-respondent in the above case being the eldest. Although Col. Fitz George may not, under the Royal Marriage Act, be called a legitimate son of the Duke of Cambridge, yet he has evidently got the true Guelph strain in his veins, and while reluctantly parting with the "cousin of high co-respondent" must console himself with the fact that, after all, it is the "hired" which must be held responsible for these little "peccadilloes," as they are called in society, but what plain folks would describe as the worst kind of profligacy.

FROM LONDON TO PARIS IN AN HOUR.

A project is on foot for establishing a pneumatic tube between Brussels and Paris. The time letters and cards will take in transmission by this method is estimated at half an hour. It is also proposed to make parallel tubes connecting London and the French capital, the time of transmission in case being a full hour, and the total cost to get them into working order is set down at under $10,000. If these tubes act without getting clogged the telegraph revenue may expect to fall off and the policy of running new lines in the metropolitan district on account of the new sixpenny messages will be questioned.

HARD ON THE PRINCE.

A society paper, not having the fear of royalty before its eyes, utters the following about the eldest son of the Prince of Wales: "Prince Albert Victor must take some lessons in dancing. His terpsichorean efforts at the Honorable Artillery ball were ludicrous in the extreme from their want of grace. He pranced through the quadrille as though he were mounted on a high-mettled charger, with stiff joints, and afforded considerable amusement to those dancing near him, who may have thought they were going to learn something in the way of style by observing his royal highness's deportment. The Princess of Wales looked as facially charming as ever, but she wore an unbecoming *coiffure* with a bolster-like arrangement at the back, and her dress had evidently done duty more than once before."

A SPECTACLE INDEED.

A Paris friend writes: "One of the most gorgeous spectacles I have seen for years is the ballet of 'Mossulna' at the Eden theatre, in Paris. One of the elephants employed on the stage the other day took it into his head to get 'mute' or something, and to go on the rampage. The spectacle was more spectacular than ever, as the *corps de ballet* came flying over the footlights and into the body of the theatre in an entirely unpremeditated *pas de fascination*. Numerous bruises were the result, and in consequence the wits have named the ballet 'Vaseline,' as much of that unguent was needed to recuperate the frightened fair ones."

PAUL CHAPUIS.

Descriptive Letters from Various Points.

Seattle, Washington Territory:

Persons who have grown tired of the cold winters of the Northern States, the malaria of the Southern states, and the hard times of the Eastern and Western states, and who may be contemplating a change of residence to some more favorable part of the country, will find it to their interests to investigate the claims and inducements to immigration of Washington Territory, the Italy of America. Farms and farming lands, also timber and grazing lands for sale in all parts of the territory.

Lane County, Oregon:

As yet I have seen nothing from Oregon which offers so many advantages to those seeking homes in a mild climate. Fruit is abundant and all kinds of grain and grass grow finely. There is plenty of timber; good land and well watered. Stock requires little or no feeding, and there are no long, cold winters to contend with. Our farmers have their plowing all done (March 18). Wheat and oats are nearly all sowed, gardens are growing finely, and fruit trees are in blossom. But it is impossible to describe the country in a short note.

Tulare County, California:

Famous in the history of California is that portion of Tulare county lying near the southern extremity of the great San Joaquin valley, and composing what is known as Mussel Slough. It embraces about 80 miles square, and lies in the northeast of Tulare county, south of Fresnio, and borders on the great Tulare lake. From this place a country, slightly undulating, to the west is an unbroken tract of fine agricultural land until it reaches the lake's margin. Beyond, still farther west, is a low, dark, range of mountains, running away to the north and south. To the east is a level tract of country about 40 miles across, consisting of plains and belts of timber. Further on comes the sloping hills and the towering mountains of the Sierra Nevada range, whose snow-crowned peaks are plainly visible, and furnish the life-giving streams that bless the husbandman and crown his efforts.

The Tulare lake that lies on the south and west is the largest inland body of water in the state, and until within the past few years ranked about fourth in the waters of the States; but of late years it has been gradually receding, and where, in the years of 1870, its waters covered the land, are houses and fields of grain. Grangeville is near the center of the most fertile part of this agricultural district, and is famed for its production of the soil. Look around you and you see a land where the angels of peace and plenty smile, a land dotted over with cottages, over whose walls trail flowering plants, and where gardens of flowers of rare beauty may be seen that fill the air with sweet around, orchards of many acres in their bloom of white and purple, and vineyards putting on their spring dress. Tall avenues of poplars border the lanes on either side, while broad fields of waving grain tell of an abundant of the harvest to come. It is indeed a land of sunshine and flowers, fruits and good things, that I cannot discuss in this letter. Yet no one would dream that but a few years ago this same land was an arid plain, over which roamed herds of antelope, and wild cattle and horses.

Wright County, Mo.:

Wright county is in south central Missouri, on the Ozark plateau. The soil is generally fertile, water pure and abundant, timber of various kinds plenty, building stone of excellent quality, good range for stock in fact, as a stock-raising country it cannot be surpassed), good society and schools. The Kansas City, Springfield & Memphis railroad runs through the county. Land ranges in price from $2.50 to $25 per acre, according to location and improvements. Parties coming West would do well to look here before going farther. Many persons, no doubt, are deterred from coming to Missouri on account of her Bourbonism, but come along and help us to bring our grand old state out of the Democratic ditch. The result will be a mighty Republican majority for Blaine having a majority of 400 over Cleveland, while Marmaduke had a bare majority of 1,000 over Ford in the state. Quite a fall from her boasted 60,000 Democratic majority of a few years ago. Hartfield is the county seat, and Mansfield, Norwood and Mountain Grove, on the K. C., S. & M. railroad, are flourishing towns.

Buckingham county, Va.:

I noticed a request for some of your Virginia correspondents to answer "A Subscriber's" questions about Virginia, and as I have been a constant subscriber to the BLADE for four years, will take the liberty of giving some facts.

First—Tell the "Subscriber" to come and see the James river valley, and he will be convinced that corn and nearly everything else can be raised in Virginia. The Richmond & Alleghany railroad runs up the valley from Richmond and along the north side of the river. This (Buckingham) county lies on the south side of James river, and has a frontage of (I suppose) 50 miles on it, while on the south it is watered by the Appomattox and its tributaries. The Willis and State rivers and numerous smaller streams flow through the county. There are 26 postoffices in the county, 16,000 inhabitants, about 100 stores, plenty of grist mills, churches and schools. About twenty steam sawmills and plenty of timber—pine, oak, hickory, poplar, walnut, etc. There are also about 40 sassafras oil distilleries, which afford employment for a large number of hands. The diggers of sassafras root make $1 to $2 per day. Logs are cut in quantities along the Appomattox river, and floated down to Farmville.

Second—Are the titles good? Some are not, of course; but on the other hand some of the titles to property come down from the time of George III. Many titles date back to 1776. It is a very easy matter to ascertain if lands are encumbered, and a man who uses only ordinary business sense can avoid paying money for a bad title. There are a good many northern people living here and they are doing well, too, and allow me to add this fact, that "a free vote and a fair count" is guaranteed every man, and nobody cares how other men vote. Our county usually goes Republican.

Third—Is the climate healthy? Get a map of Virginia and count a few of the springs, summer resorts and watering places in the Old Dominion. There are very few doctors here for they would starve to death if they did not have an income outside of the practice they would get.

And last, but not least, I have no land for sale, neither am I interested in the sale of any. I would add that the Buckingham slate quarries, which have a wide reputation, are located in this county and there are numerous gold mines.

Why the Negro is Disfranchised in the South.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I don't want to be placed in a false position, as the communication from Chattanooga has a tendency to do. I am as sincere a friend to the negro as any man living, and am willing to lend him all the assistance in my power to promote his welfare and better his condition. For what I do claim and maintain is that his sudden elevation to the rights of citizenship at the close of the war, thus giving him as it did, by the use of the ballot, control of most of the southern states, was terribly exasperating, and ruinous to the interests of those states, to the welfare of the colored people and the perpetuation of Republican power; and it is not therefore to be wondered at if the South was "hostile," not so much towards the Union to which it gave in its allegiance, as to the government or party that subjected it to so great a wrong and indignity. Though I am a Republican, and served the Union cause from first to last, I must say, as I have ever thought, that the boasted magnanimity of the Republican party in forgiving those who aided the Confederacy, was most dearly charged for, in at the same time elevating to power in all their ignorance, vice, and inexperience, the millions of negroes of the South, scarcely any of whom could even read or write. And I say it with regret, as one who has ever believed in the doctrine of equal rights under the law for all worthy men, irrespective of race or color, it has been this fatal mistake on the part of the Republican party that has ruined it—though it must be admitted that this calamity would have been avoided had the leaders of the party only shown common sense, and protected the negroes in their rights, instead of leaving that to the tender mercies of the "Solid South democracy. "First Wisconsin" says, "The Democrats allow the negro his rights provided he votes the Democratic ticket." This I deny, as an instance of a negro being elevated to a public position of prominence or responsibility by the Democratic party is almost unknown, notwithstanding there are numbers who vote the party ticket; but the feeling against them of—call it what you will—prejudice, lack of confidence, hatred or abhorrence—is so great that there is no likelihood of their elevation to political power by Democratic votes of the South, or I might add, the votes of the whites everywhere in the United States, and I say this fully recognizing the fact that the negro is naturally as well qualified, as a general thing, as the white race. But it is a fact indisputable, that this "feeling" does exist, almost throughout the known world, and it is impossible under the civilization of the present age, to prevent it.

My communications have had no reference to the present condition of the negro race, but to that as it existed at the time of their elevation to power. Their progress and advancement has been most commendable, particularly considering the "feeling" existing, which has thrown many obstacles in their way. My object was not to palliate treason, nor condemn the worthy though ignorant poor (black or white) of the South, but to give to your readers the benefit of my twenty years' continuous residence in the South, with a view to counteracting erroneous impressions and unjust reflections upon the so called rebels and "crackers" referred to by your correspondents so frequently, and whom it is difficult for me to find here, so much so that I am forced to the conclusion that they are "giant bugbears," forced upon the attention of the people of the North by unscrupulous politicians, with a view to keeping the party solid against the South.

Manatee, Fla. J. F. BARTHOLF.

We give Mr. Bartholf's letter in full as an able and fair statement of the position of the *best* Democratic element at the South—not of the "crackers," or "poor whites," whom the writer has met everywhere in Mississippi, Alabama, Southern Tennessee, Kentucky, and elsewhere, notwithstanding the assertion in the above letter, and whose feelings were aptly described by our Chattanooga correspondent, "First Wisconsin." The granting of the ballot to the negro was the logical outcome of the war. Mr. Bartholf must remember that in those days succeeding the great struggle men could not see as clearly the temper of the conquered South, nor the results of their action, as can we to-day. Knowing what we know now, reconstruction would be quite different, could we roll back the tide of time to 1865 and begin the work *de novo*. But, the negro being invested with the ballot, and with full political rights, the South erred in not urging on the work of his education still faster, rather than resorting to an obstructionist policy. There is no shadow of right in their usurpation of the rights of a majority of the citizens of any state. The same course of reasoning would allow the disfranchisement of any other class of citizens. The issue is one that must be settled, and settled in but one way—the yielding of power to the will of the majority. The South is breeding another rebellion—not a rebellion of aristocrats, as was that of 1866, but a rebellion of citizens against disfranchisement, against the rule of an oligarchy of ex-rebel Democrats.

East Tennessee.

A friend sends us the following general description of the section:

What we mean in East Tennessee is both capital and labor, which secure alike good returns. East Tennessee comprises 33 counties. Nearly all the territory lies between two vast ranges of mountains—the Cumberland mountains on the north and the Unaka ranges or Smoky mountains on the south. Between these ranges are other and smaller ones, and between the various mountain ranges lie broad and fertile valleys, through nearly all of which broad rivers run southwestward. These rivers usually have their source in the mountain regions of Virginia and North Carolina. In the extreme eastern part of Tennessee a number of these mountain rivers unite, thus forming the broad and valuable streams which furnish unlimited water power and cheap transportation to nearly all of East Tennessee.

The general make-up of the country is rolling and hilly. The intervening valleys—first and second bottom lands—are doubtless more fertile and susceptible to a greater variety of agriculturals purposes than are the hills. Both valleys and hills are fertile. The valleys and table lands can produce all the staples of the cereals, grasses and vegetables in great abundance. While the higher elevations are not so well adapted to growing wheat and corn, they seem not lacking in other essential, and are especially adapted to the growing of fruits of all kinds, while rich, succulent grasses seem by nature endowed to them. The great mountains are also possessed of almost unlimited wealth, in the form of various minerals.

Land in East Tennessee can be purchased at $10 to $50 per acre, according to location, improvements, and state of cultivation. That for sale at the lowest price is hilly or badly worn lands. Of the latter there is quite an abundance, while the best lands for sale comprise thousands and thousands of acres. Many large farms of from 400 to perhaps 800 and 1,000 acres are in the market at what seems very reasonable prices. Some parts of them will be found under a fine state of cultivation, but in so many instances the acreage has been too great to be successfully compassed by the labor at command, and large sections are sadly in need of the attention of the practical farmer, whose enterprise and mode of treatment would quickly develop them into a fine state of cultivation and productiveness.

To the Northern man, the general appearance of the soil is not anything at first sight. Very rarely, indeed, will a field of black loam, such as abounds in our Northern river bottom lands be found. Nearly all of the bottom and very much of the hill lands is of a reudish color, much resembling the surface surrounding a Northern brick kiln where burned brick are being manufactured to dust. Much of the land referred to is offered for sale at low prices in quite large farms would be condemned at one, by a Northern man, as utterly worthless, were he to form his conclusions by simply passing through the country, but when investigation is made it is at once discovered that the soil is the same, naturally, as that in the highest and most profitable state of cultivation. The difference is chiefly in the kind of treatment the soil has had. Very little of the soil contains either sand or gravel to any great extent. It is, more strictly speaking, a red clay loam, underland with a strong red subsoil, through which it seems the surface fertilizers do not leach, which doubtless accounts for great endurance of the land in its natural state.

All kinds of cereals, vegetable and fruits do well in East Tennessee; corn, wheat, rye, barley, peas and oats, all do finely, and where the land is properly tilled a poor crop is said to be very rare. The same may be said of all root crops. Sweet potatoes grow nicely and Irish potatoes are usually a bounteous crop. It is claimed, however, by the residents of that section that more skill in regard to the preparation of the land, time of planting, varieties of potatoes selected, etc., are required in the production of Irish potatoes, than in many other farm products. Fruits of all kinds are grown in abundance, although it is claimed by some there that in mountain districts a good crop of apples, peaches, etc., is surer to result each year than in the lower lands. It be the case that the mountain lands are not so well adapted to fruit growing as the hills it is no detriment to the country. The valley lands are the most easily tilled, and should be devoted to corn and wheat and leave the fruit production chiefly to the mountain districts, where apples, peaches, plums, pears, grapes and berries of all kinds may be cultivated with satisfactory profit. Tobacco and sorghum may be cultivated with good results.

Don't Skip This.

So many schemes are put before the public for the increase of newspaper circulation, which seem to be plausible and yet are fraudulent, that when a legitimate, honest effort is made to build up the circulation of a legitimate, honest paper, by legitimate, honest means, people who have been so many times duped, are very slow to respond to the genuine scheme. We are led to this train of thought by a perusal of the advertisement of THE AMERICAN RURAL HOME, of Rochester, N. Y., published in this issue of our paper, to which we call the attention of our readers. We are acquainted with both paper and publishers and take pleasure in recommending it as one of the very best farm and family journals in this country. Every person who sends one dollar for a year's subscription to the paper receives a handsome present which is donated by the advertising patrons of the paper. These premiums consist of Cattle, Land, Reapers and Mowers, Plows, Books, Pictures, Organs, and thousands of other valuable articles. The Rural Home Co. is endorsed by Hon. Cornelius R. Parsons, Mayor of Rochester, to whom you can write if you have any doubts as to its reliability. It will pay you to send for sample copy if nothing more than to get a look at this great twelve-page, sixty column illustrated paper. Address Rural Home Co., Limited, Rochester, N. Y.

A Missouri Wanderer.

The BLADE is in receipt of a communication from E. Devine, of Lebanon, Mo., stating that his son, Edwin Walter, a lad of 15 years, has been missing since the 8th of last month. From what can be learned of Devine, he left the town on that date on a westbound freight train. He is a stout-built lad, with round face, dark hair and hazel eyes. Ten dollars' reward will be paid for information leading to his discovery, addressed to his father, care of William T. Howard, Lebanon, Mo.

Morgan Sweeney, of Parkersburg, beat his wife so severely because she would not surrender to him a deed of trust of property belonging to her brother, that she is not expected to survive the injuries. He escaped, but officers are pursuing.

PROHIBITION UTTERANCES.

What the Blade's Readers Have to Say of our Plan.

L. E. K., Ness City, Kan.:

While looking over the prohibition correspondence, I notice one says the traffic is of no benefit except to the dealer. Is it any to him? Is the selling of every fine emotion and lofty aspiration in a greed for selfish gain, a benefit to any man? What though he fills his coffers with blood money; what though he builds palatial residences, and clothes his household in fine raiment; are these any compensation for a soul debased, a conscience seared, and every element of manhood eradicated? It seems to me that if any one is to be pitied it is the rum-seller. Save him from himself, and "pulverize the rum power."

G. N. Packer, Wellsboro, Pa.:

I can truthfully say that the BLADE contains more valuable information than any other secular paper I ever read. I agree with you in politics, and I heartily indorse your plank on the prohibition question. Have been a prohibitionist in sentiment for more than 43 years, during which I have been looking for the time when we should have an amendment to the constitution prohibiting the manufacture and importation of ardent spirits as a beverage. We must, however, commence with the states. We must have first prohibitory amendments to our state constitutions; for if we had a prohibition President and Congress to day, it would not be in their power to amend the constitution unless their act was ratified by three-fourths of the states. I believe you are doing more good because you are reaching more people than all mere temperance papers combined.

Geo. H. Snapp, Moorefield, W. Va.:

I have never been a subscriber of your noble paper, because I was born and reared in the South among the "Jim Crackers,"—in the state of Virginia; but nothing has ever given me more real enthusiasm in the way of newspaper reading, than when it has been my privilege to make a visit to some good Republican family, residing outside of my own state, and get an hours' perusal of the Toledo BLADE. It certainly merits its title. If anything can sharpen up one's ideas, it is the BLADE. But the best of all its many good qualities, is its genuine loyalty and devotion to sound government, and I am delighted with its wise temperance principles. I hope they may be embraced by every man, woman and child, North, South, East and West, who can to any extent, become interested in the cause of universal prohibition.

Your correspondent from Chattanooga, writing about "Cracker vs. Negro," has described Virginia exactly. It is this class of "Jim Crackers," as they are known here, and throughout the South, which have been the constant public bane of the state, and are becoming more and more pestilent to general peace and prosperity. They are perfect ignoramuses.

L. Curry, Sheldon, Minn.:

I have taken the BLADE, as a subscriber, over twenty years, and my opinion is the BLADE'S plan is the only feasible and correct way to crush rum. Let us all, for the sake of better morals and decency, damn it.

A. Fliegen Barnhart's Mills, Pa.:

Instead of alone being total abstainers, we have a duty to perform as citizens. Whilst we may set an example as Christians and as heads of families, and exercise all the moral influence in our power, we have to go beyond that. We are compelled to use our political power and influence, that our ballots may go together with our prayers in the removal of this curse that has been so long upon our statute book, and that hangs destruction upon our social, political, monetary and individual interests, and which has been and still is being upheld in a wrong political system. When we have realize our duty to that extent, when light shall shine upon principles that are so clear, upon facts that are so undoubted, then we shall have emancipation. There is no temptation before us to-day, there is no evil that effects us in any relation of life, compared to the evils of the drink, that it meets us at every corner, and at every turn; it is the poison that is sapping our physical, intellectual and moral being, and we, as citizens of these United States, should throw all our power and influence in support of a paper that has the nerve to stand up and advocate the cause as the BLADE does.

For the Blade.

KING ALCOHOL.

The Great Drink Waste.

Intoxicating liquors	$ 900,000,000
And results of excessive taxation	500,000,000
Total	$1,400,000,000
Paid for breadstuffs in the United States	$ 505,000,000
Paid for cotton and woolen goods	420,000,000
Paid for hats and shoes	300,000,000
	197,000,000
Total	$1,357,000,000

Thus the drink habit cost the government $43,000,000 more than the bread, cotton, woolen goods, etc.

Imagine a great drain pipe from the breweries and distilleries to any town in the United States yearly sucking up and absorbing the wealth of the country, producing poverty, crime and misery everywhere, nearly half of the people impoverished to such a degree that they cannot buy goods, clothing, bread, meats, etc. Is it any wonder we have hard times? Let any man figure the cause of hard times for himself and he will soon be ready to work for "peace on earth and good will to men." What has caused the over-production but the liquor traffic—over-production of liquor and its victims?

MISSOURI.

Grant City, Mo.

Prohibition in North Alabama.

To the Editor or the Toledo Blade:

Admiring the fearless and sensible manner in which the BLADE strikes for prohibition, I would like to give its readers the work of prohibition in this portion of the "sunny south." Liquor was sold under the license law till about four years ago, intemperance increasing alarmingly, especially among the poor class. The intelligent, moneyed man could no longer close his eyes to the evil. Petitions were gotten up and sent to our representatives in the legislatures. The result was a sweeping prohibition law in this and two adjoining counties. The "blind tiger" sprang up like Jonah's gourd. But thanks to the morality of our people, the beast has had to seek a congenial clime. At last week's circuit court one of these "animated beer kegs," who had been making and selling liquor illicitly, took an oath in court that he would never make or sell another drop. He had over eighteen bills against him. Another grotesque specimen of humanity, of the beer-keg persuasion, was fined $300.

I think the BLADE a little too hard on the "solid South." It is not near as solid as the Democrats represent it to be. 'Tis true they have the majority, and this is one difficulty in the BLADE'S plans of prohibition. I believe there are thousands of Democrats who would vote for a drunken debauchee, rather than vote for a "black Republican." They won't abandon their party for prohibition nor anything else. But there are thousands of loyal and true men in the South, and I hope more of them will read the BLADE. Prohibition is a success in this county—a grand success—and any one coming here will be convinced that Prohibition does prohibit. Several other counties of the state have prohibition. The BLADE'S plan is the best plan. Success to the grand old paper.

Sand Rock, Ala. G. W. B.

A Tax Payers' Protest.

For the purpose of organization and to bring the cause of temperance and prohibition to the front as against the liquor traffic, we call attention to "The Tax Payers' Protest." It is designed for state or nation. Temperance men should cut it out and paste it on a sheet of paper and invite positive men to organize in every town, city and county.

Pulverize the liquor traffic.

Grant City, Mo. L. J. F.

THE TAX PAYERS' PROTEST.

Whereas, it is well established that $900,000,000 are annually worse than wasted in this country in the purchase of alcoholic drinks; over $500,000,000 annually spent in the punishment of crime and the relief of the poverty and misery growing out of the drink traffick; and not less 100,000 of our citizens sink each year into drunkard's graves, many of them leaving destitute widows and helpless children, while over 8,000,000 children are, from the same cause, running the streets of our cities in rags, instead of being seated in happy homes; we, the undersigned, regardless of party or creed, hereby place ourselves on record as opposed to the liquor traffic in, whatever guise or disguise carried on, and pledge ourselves to oppose the same by all lawful methods in our power, and at all proper times and places.

—Pure blood is absolutely necessary in order to enjoy perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and strengthens the system.

Ex Gov. Thomas C. Fletcher, of Missouri, arrived at Laredo, Tex., Friday, from Matamoras, Mex., and was greatly surprised to learn that his absence had caused uneasiness on the part of relatives and friends. He is in perfect health and spirits.

GENERAL GRANT.

Is the Old Hero Dying Because of Medical Intolerance?

The *American Homeopathist* has an article on the treatment of General Grant by the Allopaths, in which it says:

"General Washington was murdered by his medical attendants; but at least they were hero enough—too heroically endeavoring to extinguish the disease. Their brutality was of the active sort, and in purpose commendable, though disastrous in result. General Garfield was maltreated for months under an error of diagnosis, and at last escaped beyond the reach of his eminent torturers. Here, also, there was much medical heroism and activity displayed, albeit misdirected. Other illustrious patients have suffered from eminence in the profession; but General Grant seems reserved as a shining example of cold-blooded expectancy. To him the little group of eminence have nothing to offer but a diagnosis. For him they propose no relief but in the grave. Ignoring the only source of therapeutic salvation, they gather round his bedside to observe his unaided struggle. The fiat has gone forth that nothing can be done and nothing will be permitted to be done. Those who question such a decision are quacks and cranks; but who ought not to be proud of such a designation from such a source? Scholarly, refined, cultured, earnest gentlemen as they are, of what avail are all these good qualities in the presence of such utter pestic bankruptcy? On the contrary, while so-called scientific medicine is to the fore, we may say the daily papers announce in startling headlines, "A bad day for Gen. Grant—Seven doctors in consultation."

Yes, the hero of Appomattox is dying!

He who knew no fear in war, knows no fear in suffering. His quiet fortitude wins universal admiration.

Pres. Lincoln, in visiting a hospital during the late war, noticed a poor Confederate boy, mortally wounded. With his native tenderness, he put his arms around his neck in sympathy. The sight melted the hospital to tears.

The heart of the American people in like manner bleeds for Grant, the silent sufferer. It would have him get well, by any effective means.

His physicians say he cannot recover. They fill him with anodynes, but despite their favorable bulletins he is daily growing worse.

A specialist who has won reputation in the treatment of cancer visits his bedside. The opposition he encounters from the attending physicians brings painfully to mind the story of the dog in the manger.

And General Grant, perhaps, must die because of this intolerance! Is it possible that there is no hope of cure outside of the medical profession?

Preposterous!

For years medical men insisted that certain fevers were incurable, but *Chincona* proved the contrary. For centuries they have protested that certain renal disorders were incurable, and yet a special preparation has cured, and permanently cured the very worst cases.

Why may it not be possible in like manner to cure a case of cancer? B. F. Larrabee, of Boston, was doomed to death by many eminent Boston physicians. J. B. Henderson, M. D., of Rochester, N. Y., was given up by the best doctors of all schools. Elder J. S. Prescott, of Cleveland, Ohio, was gravely informed by them that he could not live and yet these men and thousands like them have been cured and cured permanently, of serious kidney disorders by a remedy not officially known to the code.

What has been done may be done again.

Gen. Anson Stager died of Bright's disease in Chicago last week. Joe Goss, the Boston pugilist, died of it. Hundreds of thousands of people perish of it every year, while in their doctor's hands. The cause of death may be called blood poisoning, paralysis, heart disease, convulsions, apoplexy, pneumonia, or some other common ailment, but the real difficulty is in the kidneys. Physicians know it, but they conceal the fact from their patients, realizing their inability to cure by any "authorized" means. The remedy that cured Larrabee and Henion and Prescott (e. e. Warner's safe cure) is a special, undergound discovery. Its record entitles it to recognition, and it gets it from an intelligent people. Its manufacturers have an unsullied reputation and are entitled to as great consideration as any school of physicians.

Professor R. A. Gunn, M. D., Dean of the United States Medical college, of New York city, is the above professional prejudice and on its personally proved merits alone gives it several pages of the warmest commendation in his published works—the only instance on record of a high professional endorsement of such a preparation.

The unprejudiced people do not want Gen. Grant to die, as above is in all nature or anywhere in the world a remedy or a man able to cure his cancer, give them a chance.

Will they do it?

No.

Why?

Is it not too often the case that many excellent physicians who are greatly devoted to the code, would prefer that their patients should die rather than that they should recover health by the use of any remedy not recognized under their code?

Returned After 24 Years.

A Toombsboro, Ga., special says: The family of Mrs. J. S. Brady was greatly astonished when a tall, bearded stranger, bent with age, stood at the doorstep and inquired for Mrs. Horn, the mother of Mrs. Brady.

"I am your husband," he said, as soon as Mrs. Horn appeared. After looking at the stranger intently for a moment, Mrs. Horn swooned away.

Twenty-four years ago W. C. Horn, at that time one of the most substantial men of his place, enlisted in the Carswell Guards and served until the battle of Gettysburg. On the retreat he had a disagreement with his captain and deserted to the Federal side. After the war he wrote to his wife, but the letter was miscarried. Since that time he has roved all over the country. In the Indian Territory he met a Georgian, and learned that his wife was still alive, but mourned him as dead, and that his baby daughter had grown up and become the wife of J. S. Brady. To see them once more he had tramped all the way home.

Iron and Steel Workers.

The first district convention of the Amalgamated association of iron and steel workers met in Pittsburg, and after electing fifteen delegates to the National State convention, which meets in that city on the 18th inst., by a majority vote, reaffirmed this year's scale of $5.50 per ton for puddling. A respectable minority favored the acceptance of a 10 per cent reduction in the scale, but after a lengthy and spirited discussion, the proposition was voted down, and delegates to the National convention instructed to insist upon the present wages. A resolution was also adopted endorsing the action of the National lodge officers in revoking the charter of the Hersey lodge of nailers at Bellaire, O., for violating its obligations.

Finerty Egged.

Ex-Congressman John F. Finerty and several others attempted to speak at a political meeting Sunday night in a rough portion of the 17th ward, Chicago, known as "Little Hell," but were howled down. Finally the crowd began to throw rotten eggs. The speakers retired from the building, but were pursued and egged for a considerable distance along the street. Several persons were hit, among them a lady.

Death of a Miser.

Gebhardt Burlager, for the last twenty years city scavenger of Fort Wayne, dropped dead Saturday, caused by apoplexy. He was a miser and had amassed a comfortable fortune, keeping all his money in his house. About four years ago he was robbed in broad daylight of $4,000, all in gold coin, by robbers who entered his house while at dinner and compelled him to give up the money. He leaves a wife and three children.

Three Persons Burned to Death.

On Saturday night Peon Joyce, 75 years old, was burned in his dwelling, together with his three-year-old daughter and Miss Rice, aged 40 years. Mr. Joyce lived fourteen miles from Asheville, Tenn. Foul play is suspected, but no clue is yet obtained. The building was entirely consumed when the tragedy was discovered.

A Letter of Thanks.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham: Very dear Madam: My wife Arie A. Green has suffered with a displacement which caused her unknown pains till I had almost given up all hopes of finding any relief for her. But the Guiding Spirit referred me to your Vegetable Compound. I went twelve miles to purchase a bottle and *the first two doses gave her immediate relief*, and after the use of the first bottle she declared herself a new person. *two bottles entirely cured her.* Your medicine is invaluable to me. It was indeed a messenger of peace in my house. It cured my wife, and God knows I am the happiest man alive to-day. We cannot express our feelings towards you.

GEO. W. GREEN, Campti, La.

The governor of Maine has called a special session of the Council to consider the question of the reprieve for a short time of the Italians Dunlore and Capore, sentenced to be hanged April 3. The action is in deference to the wishes of Bishop Healy and others, who requested the governor not to allow the murderers to be hanged on Good Friday.

Publishers' Column.

DO YOU WANT TO EARN A FEW DOLLARS?

A New Life-Like Portrait of General Grant.

To Gentlemen and Lady Canvassers, News Boys, News Dealers and Peddlers, or to any person who wishes to earn pocket money:

We have published an entirely new and accurately correct portrait of Gen. Grant, carefully reproduced from a late photograph. The portrait is printed on heavy plate paper, size 19x24, and we guarantee it the most life-like ever offered to the public. It will be a superb work of art, and every loyal family in the United States will want one of these portraits of the great hero. It is well worth fifty cents, and should be sold at that. But *at twenty-five cents*, any active person could canvass an ordinary neighborhood, and sell forty or more in a single day. There will shortly come a time when agents can sell them as fast as they can be counted out. We want an agent in every town. We will supply agents with these portraits in quantities, by express. Already we are receiving hundreds of orders a day. The portrait is from a photograph taken within six months, and is the one the old here prefers to be remembered by. Write us for prices.

BLADE CARTOON NO. 3.

Our next Cartoon, which will be ready for immediate delivery, is entitled, "Which way would you have your Girl Go?" It contrasts the life of a girl who marries a sober man with one who weds a drunkard, and is quite as effective as those that have preceeded it. All who have had the other two should have this. The price is the same. Send for some of each and post them up.

THE BLADE'S TEMPERANCE CARTOONS.

To Temperance Workers, Societies and Organizations.

The BLADE, months ago, conceived the idea of instructing the people in the Temperance cause by means of appeals to the eye. To the end of arousing public sentiment we have issued two cartoons, for posting

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:
1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Post-Office address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper. Write PLAINLY. Do not interline. Write BRIEFLY.

WOMAN'S WORK.

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

XXIV.

A little suggestion of spring made by sunny blue skies which smile down upon us as if to beg forgetfulness of the long and terribly cold winter, reminds me of two or three things that women can do to earn some money, which need to be commenced at the season of the year in order to bring results desired within a few months. One of these is berry raising. If you live within fair reach of a town which will afford you a market, and have one acre or even a half or a quarter acre of ground lying idle, the undertaking is feasible. Of course you must be prepared for hard work, and for the possible chance of a failure through drouth, or too much rain, but there is no business which is always and uniformly a success.

I have no doubt but many of my readers have the land necessary for this purpose immediately around them. It need not necessarily be in the country. There are many houses in country villages or in the outskirts of large cities, which stand on large lots, with other vacant lots near them that might be leased for a small sum, if required. If you have toys and girls to help you are so much the better off. In any case, the first thing to be done is to learn all about the cultivation of berries. Strawberries are perhaps as profitable as any, and unless there is some reason for preferring some other kind, are best to begin with.

Go to some practical gardener upon whom you can rely and ask him to give you what information he can, and also to recommend you to some good work upon the subject. If there is no gardener within reach, a little inquiry will enable you to discover someone who is successful in raising the berries for home use. All that you need is the way to begin, then by subscribing for some good paper devoted to fruit culture, and by watching the growth of your own beginning, you will get along nicely.

Naturally there will be some small expenses to start with. The ground must be plowed and put in order for the plants, and the latter are to be bought. After that, you could probably manage for yourself. You need to be careful about getting good varieties, but the new and high-priced ones—you can try experiments of that kind further on—but standard ones which are known to be sure and prolific.

After the plants are set out they cannot be neglected. You will be wise if you follow instructions to the letter. They must be cultivated carefully and thoroughly. There is no play about it, but on the other hand it is out-of-door work, and will give you perhaps just the exercise you need. I heard not long ago of a worn out school teacher who was obliged to give up her profession. She went a little way out of the city where she was living, and in which she had friends who were interested in her, rented a cottage with a little land around it, and went to work at berry raising. In two years' time she had gained health and was in a fair way to a life-long independence. She did not plough the ground, but she did set out the plants, and hoed around them when necessary. When the time came to sell the fruit, she made arrangements with a few families to take, at a good price, all she had through the season, and then she secured for a small sum the use of a neighbor's horse and wagon, and delivered the berries herself every morning.

She had to work hard, certainly. There could be no lingering in bed, you may be sure, for the berries must be picked and sorted before breakfast, ready to be taken to their destination, but any kind of successful enterprise demands exertion, united to close attention, and the pleasure of renewed health and fair profits amply repaid her for all effort.

Another case I heard of, was that of a widow left with a family of children, and a home for them, but no way to get food and clothing, and secure their education. Some one suggested that she should turn her large dooryard into a fruit patch, which she did, and now, I am told, she is supporting her family in comparative comfort, has bought the lot next to her own, and enlarged her business, so that a comfortable future income is hopefully promised.

The capital needed to begin with is a vital question. I should advise a small experiment at first, in order to make sure whether you have the strength and patience to secure success. And you need experience too. Do not try in the start varieties about which little is known, but take those which will do well in all soils and localities. A little correspondence with some reputable horticulturist will enable you to decide about that, and he can also tell you the quantity you need for a given piece of ground. You can, however, arrive at a proximate idea yourself when considering the plan. The plants are usually set out a foot apart, in rows, with a space of two feet between the rows. Suppose you get a variety costing from one to two dollars a hundred. By measuring the ground you can devote to the purpose, and making a little calculation, you can tell whether you can manage the expense or not.

The only time in the year that the work is extremely fatiguing is at fruit gathering. This must be done promptly or the day's crop is lost. Then, too, there must be no carelessness in its arrangement for the market. There is where many make a failure. The berries must be placed in clean boxes or baskets, the poor ones all picked out carefully, and they must be of uniform size from top to bottom. These things are very important to secure success.

There are several advantages about this way of earning the living. You have a great deal of spare time during the year. It needs very little capital to carry the business on. You can be entirely independent, there being no fear of a discharge from employment. The out-of-door exercise will give you physical benefit. These are worth considering.

Those who live in California are doubtless familiar with the successful undertaking of Miss Austin, formerly a school eacher in San Francisco. Miss Faithful, who visited her when in this country, says that she gave up her profession some five or six years ago, and, purchasing a hundred acre lot, with three spinster friends and some Chinamen, went to work at raisin-making. It was a new departure for women, but the fact that in 1880 Miss Austin's rancho produced some 30,000 pounds of raisins, which find a ready market having the reputation of being "the best produced in the state," shows what can be done. Here is an enterprise upon a large scale, but the smaller ones which are possible to great numbers of women, if they would set themselves about them, are worth a trial.

Different parts of the country are adapted to different kinds of fruit, but it is easy to ascertain what will grow best in your own locality. You must carefully consider ways and means, nearness to market being one, but in these days of railroads that is not hard to command by almost everybody. Then, too, whatever you undertake, you must study thoroughly, and by that, I mean you must gain a practical knowledge, derived from the experience of others, of the best methods of carrying your plan into operation. The most successful farmers are those who work most intelligently, who do not cling to old methods because they *are* old, but who keep up with the best thoughts of the day in their particular calling. So, too, with fruit growing. Ignorance will be sure to result disastrously.

Besides fruit growing, in the neighborhood of towns, raising small vegetables may be made profitable, and women can make it an employment. Whatever you produce, however, must be the best of its kind if you want to be sure of a good market. You may be able to sell a mediocre article, but the price will be mediocre too. What once were called luxuries in the way of fruit and early vegetables are now counted necessities, and people are ready to pay good prices for the best.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Adjustable Book Cover.—Books very often become soil d—that is, look shabby by handling, even when great care is taken. A book cover that can be taken off and on is a great convenience. It is easy to make a very pretty one, that can be washed when soiled. Take a piece of grey linen four inches longer than the cover of the book when closed, and four inches wider than the length of the book. Cut from each side, at the center, a piece a little longer than the back of the book, leaving just enough above the edge to turn in and be stitched down nicely. The pieces cut out will be this shape: ⟍ ⟋ Now turn in the edges all around neatly, and feather stitch them, or stitch them on the machine with bright colors. Make eyelet holes in the parts that turn in, so that a ribbon or cord can be passed through to tie them even. On the back, work lines of cross-stitch to represent the hinges, and a monogram in the middle of the upper side. Of course this cover may be made of much richer materials, if any one chooses.

Ribbon Work.—A good many inquiries come to us about this kind of embroidery. In "Fancy Work and House Decoration," a short description is given of the manner of proceeding with the narrow ribbons which come for that purpose. A great many people, however, have bits of silk or ribbon that they would like to utilize, in some way, and they can be employed in making the larger flowers, and if skillful in doing dainty work the small ones can be made also. The following is the way the work is done: Have the design stamped upon felt, cloth, satin, velvet or plush. Then stamp the design upon paper, so that you can cut out the shape of the petals of the flowers. Cut the ribbon or satin petals by these, only much larger—double the size. Now run a thread around the edge of each petal. Draw the thread, and, as it gathers, turn under. Stitch the gathering a little to preserve the form and sew down on your design with blind stitches. Keep on in this manner until all the petals and tips of buds are made. When this is done work the center of rose in French knots, adding the stamens. Use lemon-yellow silk floss for this. The opening of the buds is made with ribbon in the same way, filling in around with embroidery silk in shades of green. On velvet the embroidered part is beautiful, done with chenille or Arrasene floss. The leaves and stems are pretty worked in Kensington stitch.

Fan for Wall.—Six kinds of wall paper, the plain colors predominating, make the prettiest fans. Take a square the width of the paper of each kind, paste together in a long strip, then fold up like a fan, making each fold about two inches wide; place under heavy weight all day, fasten at the bottom and put on bow of ribbon, tack it on the wall between part of the folds to keep it in shape. Light red, dark red, blue, buff and threaded papers may be used. Hope this is plain.

Have taken the BLADE for years, so, of course, appreciate it.—A. E. H.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip.

Crocheting Abbreviations—1, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh, short crochet.

Narrow Knitted Edge.—Cast on 8 stitches. First row—1—k 2—t o—s 1—k 1—pass the slipped stitch over—k 1—wool over twice—k 1—o t—k 1. 2d row—k 2——p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 3. 3d row.—s 1—k 2—wool over—s 1—k 1—pass slipped stitch over—k the rest plain. 4th row—Bind off until only 7 stitches are left on the left-hand needle and 1 on the right—k 3—p 1—k the rest. Commence at first row again.—Mrs. D.

Pretty Mat.—Mrs. "M. W.," Croton, Mich.: Here is a mat which I think you will like quite as well as the calla or pansy mats. I made each of the colors scarlet, black pink and white single zephyr. Begin with a chain of 3, join, in this crochet 12 long stitches; in next round make 1 chain stitch between, and make 1 long stitch in between each stitch of last row; in next roun t put in long stitch between each one in the last round, increasing if necessary to make it lay flat; crochet this with your darkest wool; then join pink; make 2 long stitches in each space in last round, no chain between; join white and put 4 long stitches in between each block, or in every other 2 stitches; there should now be 18 of these blocks. Next round of white—make 6 long stitches in the middle of the 4 in last round, 1 long stitch in between each stitch, and 3 between first set there will be 3, between the next 6, and in the middle of the next 4; continue in this manner all the way round, then join pink; crochet this the same as the last round, with 6 stitches in the middle of last 6, and there will be 5 long stitches between the next 6; in the last round join scarlet. Put your wool in at any place in this row and draw through one short crochet; make 2 chains, put in 1 short stitch between each long stitch in chain of 3; take back in last stitch and draw through. Now draw through the same place the last short stitches; chain of two put in between; next two long, allowing two long stitches in the group of six to be separated each time; then two chain stitches, and skip next two long stitches; chain off three; take back into last chain stitch; then draw through the same place all round; take your needle and catch together, leaving the six in a group on top; leave three of the points, join the fourth, leaving one group to turn the other way; join two of these points, then two the other way, making two rows which look like roses. I have made these directions as plain as possible, and hope no one will have any difficulty. They are very pretty, indeed, and one is paid for the time spent in making them.

Very pretty photo frames can be made by cutting fans, palettes, plaques, bells, crosses, etc., of pasteboard and covering with plush, velvet or satin of any color. Cut a place in the center for the picture, and paste some strong paper on the back of the frames to hold the photograph. The covering may be very prettily decorated with painting or embroidery, but if of some rich material of some dark color, looks very well plain. A bow of ribbon, either to match or of some contrasting color, adds much to the beauty of the frame. Glass may be put over the picture or not, as one pleases.—Mamie Drayton.

Correspondence.

Laws for Women.—One of the laws of Oregon is that the husband shall have general supervision of the community property, by courtesy. This is meant, as I understand it, that he has control of all the property accumulated, after marriage, whether the wife earns it or not, as she sometimes does, doing all the work, while he takes in the cash and keeps it. One woman I have in my mind, who worked like a slave so long as she was able, and her husband did nothing but spend money, drink, and chew tobacco. She had a family of ten children. At last she died, without a will, so all she had left was a third of the property. The rest went to the children, who had done nothing to earn it. But they, being then all married and in comfortable circumstances, did for their mother what her husband ought to have done, gave everything to her, and she now has more leisure and more pleasure than she ever had in her long life before.

There are hundreds of cases many times worse than this, for the husband often spends the money so fast that there is nothing left for the wife if he should leave her a widow.

I think if the wife earns the money she should have the spending of half of it at any rate, and if she does not earn the money she ought to have some spending money of her own, which I know many do not have. Talk about the black slaves! There are white slaves much worse off than the worst abused black in the world. I have already written more than I intended, but thought I would say a word for my sisters. Many more would have a word to say but for fear. —Aunt Maria Smith.

Kindergarten.—The kindergarten, as its name implies, is a garden of children, where each child receives the attention necessary to develope its individuality according to natural laws. No sensible gardener treats all his plants in the same way, but varies the conditions to suit the nature and wants of each kind. The true kindergartener will study the nature and requirements of each flower in her garden and endeavor to meet its necessities.

The child receives its first impressions through the senses, so the observing faculties are the first to be considered in a scheme of education. Objects, music, calisthenics and things that appeal to the senses are the foundation of the kindergarten.

The gifts are wooden blocks in the shape of spheres, cubes, prisms and oblongs, and are used in a great variety of exercises to teach form, motion, comparison, fundamental rules of arithmetic, fractions, plain geometry and construction.

The occupations are weaving, perforating, embroidering, drawing, etc., and are used to train the eye and hand in precision, neatness and artistic skill.

The games and songs, accompanied by music, develop the aesthetic and religious side of the child's nature, while strengthening and exercising the muscles of the body. It is agreeable physical exercise and promotes health and gracefulness of the body. The aim of the Kindergarten is to develope the threefold nature of the child; its spiritual, intellectual and physical nature.

Every exercise has its peculiar significance, and is the expression of the universal law of development.—K. G.

That Shirt Again.—Dear Household friends, I have long read the Household with avidity and in silence. But now "Belle Bryning's" article on "The Shirt," moves me to contribute my mite to help, if possible, some inexperienced sister who may be called on to wrestle with the garment in question. I can easily believe that the truth was but slightly exaggerated in that story of the shirt-neck.

I make every garment for a family of five, except my husband's coats, and have alternately made shorter and lengthened, not only neck-bands and collars, but sleeves and pants. (Husband is not here to listen, so I am not fostering contentions by making this statement.) Now for the remedy. In making fine shirts, shrink both muslin and linen before cutting; two things are gained thereby: First, the garment will not be come too small; second, the bosom and cuffs will not wrinkle when being ironed. Shirt patterns can be bought, but I depend on them for shaping the body and sleeves only. Wrist-bands, neck-band and length of sleeves should be carefully measured. I always have the neck-band lap about one inch, (no, leave out the *about*, and say *one inch*. I am going to take Miss Fonton's advice, and cultivate the haut of being exact in little things.) Then, if it becomes necessary to change the size of the neck it can be done by moving the button, provided the shirt is open on the back or side. Shirts made to open on the side are more satisfactory to some than those that open either on the back or shoulder; while they iron just as easily. To make one of this style, measure off a piece of linen as long and two inches wider than you desire the bosom to be when completed. Lay the extra two inches in a box plait in the middle, baste a piece of muslin of the same size on the under side, and stitch the plaits. Slope off, with a curve, the sides of the bosom thus made, until the lower end is three inches wide. Besides being the prevailing style, such a bosom will set better and not wrinkle as readily as the old-fashioned square cornered one. Baste this bosom to the shirt front, and stitch the right side, lower end, and two inches up the left side. Cut the shirt front open from this point to the top of the bosom, turn in the edges of the bosom and the body beneath, and stitch together. This forms the button-hole side. For the buttons bind the other side of the opening with a bias piece 1½ in. wide, as a straight piece would not adjust itself to the curve of the bosom. In trimming out the front of the neck, cut it in an elliptical form, and not in a half circle. Make the neck band quite narrow in front, and slope to the desired width in the back. The object is to have the front of the neck low enough, so that when the collar is added it will not give the wearer the feeling and appearance of being choked. If the opening for the bosom is wearing and does not wash as easily as that of a looser quality.

I will not attempt one word of the volumes which "Belle Bryning" truthfully says might be written concerning the laundrying of the shirt, for the length of this article already brings visions of the waste basket, to my mind. But if the sisters have saved each number of the Household for reference, as I have done, they have valuable laundrying recipes to help them over that difficulty.—Progressive One.

Corresponding with Strangers.—I want to write a few words of advice to ladies (particularly those who are young and romantic) as regards corresponding with strange gentlemen. Now don't look for a lecture. I have only your best interests at heart, and will assure you at the outset that the love of writing and receiving letters has ever been my one absorbing, controlling sin, and being passionately fond of this pastime, can sympathize with you as few could, but if I could present to your notice two cases which came under my personal observation and which came near proving fatal in their results to those participating, you would say my duty was to lift up a warning voice. Look out lest your pure, perfect trust be betrayed. Be wary of your confidence in strangers or you may have cause to regret it all your life long. Take no man's word unless he can furnish the best and most unquestionable references. Do not believe him good and honest and noble because he says so, or because he writes beautiful passionate letters. If he be intelligent, educated and to all appearances refined, and yet has a corrupt heart, so much the worse for you. He doubtless also possesses the art of deception. I do not claim that fearful results are invariably follow unknown correspondence. There are exceptions to all rules; I only wish to say be cautious and be sure before it is too late. Your happiness for life may be at stake. Gauge no person's honesty of purpose by your own. Never become absorbed until you have proven by personal acquaintance that your object is a worthy one. In writing for this department why do so many of you hide yourselves behind a nom de plume? Why don't we sign our own names when so much pleasure and profit might accrue therefrom? I think I shall, as now, always use my own cognomen.—Mrs. Mate T. Bradley, Harwood, Cass county, Dakota.

A Few Words.—I wonder if any of the sisters of the Household have ever passed over the same ground and by experience could give me any advice that would be helpful to me to me in training my children. I try to bring them up as they should be, but they never regard my teaching. They are so thoughtless, so noisy (are all boys) and so quarrelsome, and they will all talk at once, and as for asking questions I do not believe their equal was ever born. Are all children that way? I am unacquainted with the habits and manners of children, never having anything to do with or for them until my own came. If he be called for. Now cannot some kind sister give me a bit of advice? I assure you it will be thankfully received.

While I am writing I wish to notice one remark by the editor some time ago. It is this: There is much of good in almost every body if we will only strive to find it out, which is constantly striving to find expression in the way of being others. If the editor finds that true I should like to live in her community, for it has not been my good fortune to be thrown among that class of people; it has been my experience to find them just the other way. If one does a good deed it is attributed to some selfish motive, and I find that in nine times out of ten the estimate is correct. Now please do say I am a chronic grumbler, for I am not, but am a close observer of human nature. Do not understand me to say that all are that way, but this I do say, that nearly all are selfish and narrow-minded, and should try to correct the bad habit.—Isa.

Inquiries.

How or what is the proper method of preparing oatmeal as a dish of wholesome food? Give the simplest way of cooking the same. —Andrew Murden, Fargo, D. T.

Will some one please send directions for preparing mustard for the table, same as that we buy in bottles at the stores?—A. Hall, Corry, Pa.

Where can I procure the French art designs? I wish to transfer them on silk and satin. If this has been answered I have missed it.—Ella J. Hobaugh, Rossville, York county, Pa.

Have any ladies of the Household tried bee culture for profit?—A. M. Comfort, Verdella, Mo.

Will some one send directions for crocheted basket stitch? I will send some lace patterns.—Mrs. W. W. Forth.

I wish to ask how chickens hatched in an incubator are cared for after hatching. In other words, what is the substitute for a mother?—Z. G. Ross.

Will you please send me through the Blade a way to clean brass bird cages?—Mrs. J. E. Taylor, Bear Grove, P. O., Guthrie Co., Ia.

If any of the readers of the Household know of a remedy or preventive against snoring they would do me a great favor to let me know through the Blade. I have a younger brother who will disturb the other members of the family while asleep, by that ugly noise.

Does the filling of decaying teeth do any good to keep them from further decaying, or is it best to have them pulled out?—Estella Mosheberger.

It is altogether the wisest thing to have them filled. If the work is done well they will last for years. As soon as they begin to decay have them attended to, but we have seen what were seemingly shells, the greater part of the substance being gone, filled satisfactorily. A little care and attention will keep the teeth to a good old age.—Ed.

Can some one reader of the Blade give a remedy for itching points of the shoulder blades and cure for pimples there also, and a recipe for preserving flowers to hold their colors when dry?—W. Hunt.

Can any one tell me what will polish a black hair ornament that has turned brown and give it its right color?—Allie Thomas, Hepler, Crawford Co., Kan.

Will "Aunt Ruth" send me a sample of her zephyr flowers, as I do not understand how to make them?—Mrs. H. C. Maxwell, Savannah, Andrew Co.' Mo.

Answers to Inquiries.

In answer to "Inquirer," the three books, "Health and Beauty," "Social Etiquette," and "Fancy Work and House Decoration," will be sent, post paid, for $2.25. Either of the first two will be sent for $1, and "Fancy Work, etc., for 25 cents.—Ed.

I saw an inquiry, a few weeks ago, as to what would stop the hair falling out. Last fall I thought I would lose all my hair, but used equal parts of glycerine and bay rum. It works splendidly; my hair is soft and glossy.—Allie Thomas.

Please tell the lady to wet her silverware in clear tepid water, and polish with Spanish whiting, and her silver will be nice and new. Never use soap on silver.—C. S.

I would like to correct "E. A." in regard to the pattern for mittens. The second row says slip one stitch one, pull the slipped stitch over the knit one, knit five. It should be, pull the slipped stitch over the knit one, knit five. Hopes she will succeed in getting them right. Don't know whether the mistake was mine or not. I tried to make the directions as plain as possible.—Mrs. C. M. Grantham, Alanthus, Mo.

For chilblains, soak the feet in water as hot as can be borne, and repeat as often as necessary, and then keep your feet warm, by wearing cloth shoes or boots, and you will not have chilblains.—Mrs. A. A.

If the person complaining of shirt fronts blistering is careful to have to have the starch rubbed in thoroughly, I do not think she will be troubled that way.

Answer to Mrs. E. Shelby, Jamestown, O.: Simmer leaves and flowers of wormwood and lard; strain, and apply as ointment.—New Subscriber.

M. J. L., wants to put a coat of shellac on porcelain or glass before painting them. Put first coat on with a stiff brush, (bristle,) and the second with soft, (sable), and lastly put a coat of amber enamel, and then it can be washed. I had the same trouble with mine. I clean my silver with whiting, a tooth brush, and flannel or chamois.—Fannie Fitch, Poland, N. Y.

Seeing an inquiry in the Blade for a cure for asthma I send this, as it cured my father when he had it so badly he could not lie down and suffered terribly. He used it constantly for a year. I know it is a certain cure nine times out of ten if the person will only persevere in its use: 1 oz. of iodide of potassium, dissolve in 8 ozs. of water; take three times a day. For immediate relief take two or three drops of tincture of lobelia in a teaspoonful; one spoonful is a dose. Also for St. Vitus dance take rattle root tea; if taken under a physician's care arsenic, I believe, is a certain cure.

I have two barrel chairs. Mine have rockers which add much to their comfort. The rockers were cut out of pine lumber, and pieces of pine put across, under the back and front of the chair, bolted to the bottom of the barrel before it is covered, and these strips fit down in the rockers. With best wishes I close. O. K.

Recipes.

Ginger Cookies.—I would like to tell "Aunt Betsy" how I make my ginger cookies: 1 cupful of molasses, ¾ cupful of grease or butter, 1 egg, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 1 heaping teaspoonful of ginger and a little salt.

Good Cookies.—1 cupful butter, 2 cupfuls white sugar, 1 cupful sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful baking power, 2 eggs, flour to roll nicely.

Pie Crust.—1 qt flour, 1 cupful lard rubbed well together, then add 1 teaspoonful salt and just enough water to mix well. Do not work long after mixing or it will be heavy.—Mrs. Addie Allen.

Boiled Frosting.—½ lb. of sugar with enough water to dissolve, boil till it is very thick and ropy. Whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Pour the sugar boiling in the beaten whites, beating all the while; beat till cold. Flavor. This quantity is enough to ice a medium sized cake between layers, over top and sides.

Cheap Yeast.—I send you a recipe for a very cheap yeast which we have tried for about a year, and like it. To make 7 loaves, take 5 medium sized potatoes, 1 tablespoonful sugar, 1 teaspoonful salt. It will be necessary, to start this, to use 2 yeast cakes, then save out 1 teacupful, to start the next, every time, and use same as other yeast.—Mrs. H. W. S.

Raisin Puffs.—2 eggs, 2 cupfuls flour, 1 cupful sweet milk, ½ cupful butter, 1 tablespoonful sugar, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 teacupful raisins chopped fine, put in cups and steam 20 minutes. To be eaten with sweetened cream.—Mrs. E. C. B.

Chinese Charm Cake.—Three eggs, 1 cupful sugar, 1½ cupfuls flour, ½ cupful butter, scant ½ cupful sweet milk, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Beat the sugar and butter together, then add the milk; beat well, then break in 1 egg; beat all together, then add another egg; beat well, then add the other egg; beat well, then stir in the flour and bake. This is a good cake and easily made.—Mrs. M. P.

To Make Soap from Wood Ashes.—Cleanliness in saving soap-fat and ashes, is the first step toward having good clean soap, and next to soap I've ever tried is soap that's made from "soft soap" obtained in a room of *plumes*? Why don't we sign our own names when so much pleasure and profit might accrue therefrom? I think I shall, as now, always use my own cognomen.—Mrs. Mate T. Bradley, Harwood, Cass county, Dakota.

A Few Words.—I wonder if any of the sisters of the Household have ever passed over the same ground and by experience could give me any advice that would be helpful to me to me in training my children. I try to bring them up as they should be, but they never regard my teaching. They are so thoughtless, so noisy (are all boys) and so quarrelsome, and they will all talk at once, and as for asking questions I do not believe their equal was ever born. Are all children that way? I am unacquainted with the habits and manners of children, never having anything to do with or for them until my own came. If he be called for. Now cannot some kind sister give me a bit of advice? I assure you it will be thankfully received.

While I am writing I wish to notice one remark by the editor some time ago. It is this: There is much of good in almost every body if we will only strive to find it out, which is constantly striving to find expression in the way of being others. If the editor finds that true I should like to live in her community, for it has not been my good fortune to be thrown among that class of people; it has been my experience to find them just the other way. If one does a good deed it is attributed to some selfish motive, and I find that in nine times out of ten the estimate is correct. Now please do say I am a chronic grumbler, for I am not, but am a close observer of human nature. Do not understand me to say that all are that way, but this I do say, that nearly all are selfish and narrow-minded, and should try to correct the bad habit.—Isa.

Inquiries.

How or what is the proper method of preparing oatmeal as a dish of wholesome food? Give the simplest way of cooking the same. —Andrew Murden, Fargo, D. T.

Will some one please send directions for preparing mustard for the table, same as that we buy in bottles at the stores?—A. Hall, Corry, Pa.

Where can I procure the French art designs? I wish to transfer them on silk and satin. If this has been answered I have missed it.—Ella J. Hobaugh, Rossville, York county, Pa.

Have any ladies of the Household tried bee culture for profit?—A. M. Comfort, Verdella, Mo.

Will some one send directions for

The Spring Months

Are undoubtedly the best in which to purify the blood and strengthen the system, because at this time the body is most susceptible to the beneficial effects of a reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla. The feeling of debility, languor, and lassitude caused by the changing season, is entirely overcome, and scrofula and all humors are expelled from the blood by the powerful reviving and purifying influences of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Do Not Delay—Take Hood's Sarsaparilla *now*. It is made by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists. 100 Doses One Dollar.

Our Young Folks.

For the Blade Young Folks.

LETTA'S WORLD.

BY C. S.

In a world of "wish" and "wonder"
Dwells a sprightly little girl,
If I followed half her fancies
I should be in constant whirl.
From her nimble tongue are flying
Swarms of "may-be's" every day.
Questions, "specs" and "spose" and "wonders,"
Closely lie along her way.

"Auntie, where are all the birdies?
Has the summer gone to stay?
What is snow, and will the winter
Sometime too, go far away?
Is the blue sky made of paper?
Are the stars holes in the sky?
Where does the man in the moon, I wonder,
Go or stay when the sun is high?"

"Where does Santa live, I wonder?
Does he keep the candy stores?
Wonder if he's ever sleepy?
Wish I knew if Santa snores.
Has Santa Claus got any mittens?
Is his chimney wide and tall?
Are his reindeers big or little?
Can he hear me if I call?"

"Wonder if dear Santa ever
Hates to hear us make a noise?
Wonder who he loves the 'bestest,'
Little girls or little boys?
I must go to bed real early—
Shut my eyes nor take a peep—
For grandma says that Santa never
Comes till children are asleep."

"O, I wonder if I'll see him!
I shall be afraid," she said.
"Auntie, can't you hang a curtain,
So he cannot see my bed?
And, Auntie, leave the door unfastened,
For our chimney is so small
I'm afraid he can't come down it
With his load of toys, at all.

"Guess I better hide my doggie
In the parlor on a chair,
For dear Santa might be frightened
If he saw my doggie there.
Yes, I know he's not a real dog,
And he cannot bark or bite;
But dear Santa does not know it,
So I'll put him out of sight.

"Wonder why my teeth don't come in?
'Spose they don't have time to grow
In the daytime, for I always
Keep my tongue a chair's ring so."
Little feet with heavy boots on
Tramp, tramp on the sidewalk hot,
And I ask, "What makes you do it?"
"Oh! I like to hear 'em trot."

"Auntie, don't you think that Mary
Is as selfish as can be,
'Cause she won't let baby Johnny
Come and live with you and me?
I have offered little Spitfire
And my bright new penny, too,
But she says she will not sell him:
'Spect she's silly now, don't you?"

"Uncle says I'm such a magpie
That when to rattle I begin,
He's afraid he'll lose his hearing,
Living in such 'dreffal' din;
'Spect you're lonesome, dear Auntie,
When I'm out of doors at play;
'S'pose you could'nt do without me,
If I 'goed' away to stay?"

And I hastened to assure her.
That I "sposed" the sky would fall,
And the moon man cry his eyes out,
If she "goed" away at all.
O, busy hands, and feet, and fancy;
Oft I'm led to "wonder" too,
If the child is never weary;
Pray be honest now, don't you?

WHERE SNOWFLAKES LIVE.

The sunbeams that shot in through the leafless tree branches of Madison Square a few days ago, clasping the limbs with golden fingers, made the snowy beard of an old gentleman sitting on one of the benches gleam and scintilate. Through the winding paths the merriest of children were rolling their hoops or forming in gallant array their tin soldiers for a mimic battle. The kindly blue eyes of the old gentleman watched the little tots as they flitted here and there, now lost behind the protecting white apron of a nurse girl and again scurrying with flying ringlets in and out through the maze of bright-colored dresses. The old gentleman smiled, smoothed his beard and at frequent intervals chuckled audibly. A young man with a cynical expression, a youth *blase* before he had voted, was sitting by the old gentleman's side, and asked him the cause of his joviality.

"The children, to be sure," he answered. "I love to sit here and watch them hour after hour all day long. I love to look at them in the morning when fresh from the nursery they troop into the park. Then they are magazines of enthusiasm, and, dear me, how quickly they are exploded! Why, even a runaway hoop their souls are opened wider than any big general's when victory perches on his banners. And I love them, too," he went on, "in the evening when they go home tired and weary, and their little brains racked and worried just like yours and mine, but when the nursery fires are lit they sit in the glow, the little ones, and learn to love what I call home, and their mothers and nurse girls bless me."

The old gentleman's companion looked up at him inquiringly, and the speaker smiled and added: "For years I have written stories for these children; stories at Christmas time about good Kris Kringle, and the bells crying merry Christmas to one another all over the land; and stories at Easter about the Child King; and in the summer time, when they stray along by mossy brooks, I tell them what the rivulets are saying to one another. You don't believe these things, but I do, and I cannot forget the sweet days when I found more happiness in a nursery jingle than philosophy in a whole cyclopedia. There are love and beauty all around, even in the snowflakes, in the April rains and June roses. But the snowflakes! there's where love lives one long holiday."

Here his companion interrupted him and asked him to tell him about the love of the snowflakes, and insinuated he was of a doubtful mind.

"Why," he replied, "of course I shall, only you won't believe me. Instead of paying attention to what I say you will get your mind wander away to something else. Promise to try to go back twenty years in your life to those sweet days when you really thought the little princesses in the picture feeding the robins in the snow at Christmas time were just going to trip out of their frames, and I'll tell you what some day you will believe."

The promise was given.

"Now, to begin with," the old man said, "you must have noticed the other night when the wind began to blow—the wind, you know, is the world's letter-carrier, taking messages all over—that it grew colder and colder, and tiny, crispy snowflakes began to fall. Did you not notice how reckless and merry they were—how they played with one another right on your nose, danced on the tips of your ears and skipped along through every nook and cranny around? Of course, you must have noticed that. I opened my window to watch them and wish them a merry holiday. I knew it was the last day of their lives and felt sorry for them. I knew when the next wind would blow they would all be dead. You don't know who these tiny snowflakes were. Let me tell you, then, that they lived away up in the Frosland until the wind came and blew them out. The wind blew out all the flakes, and the crispy ones were the youngsters, the children, and the bigger ones that came down stuck to other flakes, they were the lovers, and left their homes in the North hand in hand together; and the old, fat fellows—well, they were the fathers and grandfathers—and last of all those old fellows that are ribbed down to earth! Who were they, do you think? Why, who, indeed, but the old politicians and fat policemen? Yes, indeed, the wind had an awful trouble to blow them out. They did not want to go—not much. They thought they owned the country. Snowflakes are egotistical."

A sedate policeman walked by when the old gentleman arrived at this part of his narrative, and his companion thought seriously of requesting him to ring for an ambulance and a straight-jacket. But the policeman bowed respectfully to the storyteller, and said he hoped the fine weather would continue.

"Let me tell you," went on the story-teller, "there are two things that never can agree—the sunshine and the snowflakes. Don't tell me they can. I know they can't, and the wind, it is the most deceitful of deceitful things imaginable. I shall tell you how it fools the poor, confiding snowflakes, and if you won't feel just as mad over it as I do, then I shall be surprised. You know the snowflakes live in the Northland by the frozen lakes just as happy as the Arcadians did in their peaceful village. The wind comes in and finds everything serene. It blows among the crispy snowflakes, and tells them strange stories of a southern land; it whispers to the Evangelines and the Basils, and the flakes, believing everything, go off with the wind. Then fat can the mothers and fathers do but follow; and of course the fat politicians follow too. And as they leave their homes the winds blow harder and harder. You can hear it whistle in it's joy, as it blows the flakes away. But the end comes at last when the wind and the flakes hang over a city, and the snowflakes, tired and weary, fall to earth. The little inexperienced ones fly down first, then the lovers and sweethearts, and then old fat fellows wobble down. The wind has deceived them, and hands them all over like captives to the sun. Dear me, but the sun has much to answer for. Think how it wrecks all their lives, and sees them die in the street. People say they turn into water but they don't, they cry their lives out, and dissolve into tears and recollections of the gay, cold world they left behind them."

If the old gentleman's companion had before been inclined to call an officer he was doubly so now. The first thought that flashed across his head was that he was talking to a madman. He looked into the deep eyes for the signification of insanity and was met by a quiet smile. The old man looked at the golden fingers of the sun clasping the tree branches, and at the hurrying children and trim nursemaid. "Of course you don't believe it," he said; "to you the snowflake is only the snowflake, but years ago, when your mother used to tell you how the moonbeams stole into your chamber to kiss good little boys and girls good night, then you believed it, and the children, God bless them, they believe the dear old stories yet, and gather the sweet things from nature. The moonbeams, you know, they pity the snowflakes," he continued. "They hat their ears rocked away up in the North when the wind was telling the flakes the stories of happiness in the South. They tried to warn the flakes; but it was no use, the wind deceived them, and the flakes never know what a good friend the moonbeams are until they lie on the city street and the moonbeams come down and kiss away their tears. There, now," said the story-teller suddenly, "you don't believe the moonbeams do kiss away the tears of the snowflakes, do you? And yet you must remember how often, when you have been going home in the evening, the flakes are damp and crumbling, just ready to die, and how, when you get up in the morning, they are hard again. Don't you know how still and quiet they are all day when the moonbeams are killing them, and how when the moonbeams come out, they get crispier and crispier and the youngsters before long begin to skip around again and play funny games in area corners and in nooks of houses. Don't you know that? Why, bless you, the moonbeams have made them happy again; but it can't last long and the flakes know it, for the moonbeams tell them so. The big, strong sun comes out again and all is over.

"Dear me, but the sun has much to answer for." The old man had evidently finished his discourse. A gay little merry-maker in Knickerbocker's was rushing by and the old man stretched out his hand and the little fellow ran up to him and turned his face in his knees, and the story-teller smoothed his shining ringlets. He tangled his hand in the hair of the child and bent his lips to his ears and whispered: "Haven't you found out yet who killed Cock Robin?" The youngster raised his head very solemnly, and the working of the brain was mirrored in his face as the child answered: "Poor Cock Robin, nobody knows."

The story-teller smoothed the hair again and bade the child run away and find out. Just as the little one ran at full tilt into his nursemaid and propounded the mysterious question to her, the old gentleman arose and motioned to his companion to follow. He paused in front of the Hoffman House and said: "From sitting there I know a pretty story that I will write some day about the water in the fountain that was stolen from its mother in the woodlands. I am a man of the world still though I love the children so. Come, let us drink four fingers of the liquid which maketh the light head heavy and the heavy head light."—*N. Y. World.*

BUT THEN.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

It was a queer name for a little girl, and it was not her real name—that was Lizzie—but everybody called her "But Then."

"Course my real name is prettier, but then, I like the other pretty well," she said, nodding her short brown curls merrily. And that sentence shows just how she came by her name.

If Willie complained that it was a miserable,

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief reports of clubs, etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscriptions or letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Information Wanted.

WORMS IN APPLES.—You would oblige a large number of your friends here by telling us how to prevent worms in apples. Apples are plenty here, but nearly all wormy. —B. D. HUTCHKISS, Cotty, Pa.

Will some one please tell what will prevent hens from eating eggs?—M. E. C., Ft. Morgan, Weld county, Col. [A gentleman who has a thorough knowledge of poultry raising, for eggs, says the only way to prevent hens from eating their eggs is to cut their bowels off.—ED.]

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THEM?—I would like to know what is the matter of my sheep. There has a new disease appeared among our sheep (at least new to us). The first appearance of the disease, their hind parts seem to be weak. As near as I can tell, the weakness is in the hips. The disease seem to take the best sheep in the flock, and those that have not had lambs. Each of my neighbors has lost five of his best sheep with it. They appear hearty, with a good appetite to the last. If any one knows a cure, I would be glad to hear from them soon.—S. R. GROW, Lovelton, Pa.

Answers to Inquiries.

BLACK LEG IN CALVES.—I saw a number of requests in the BLADE for a recipe to cure the black leg in calves. I will give you mine, which will cure nine cases out of ten if taken in time: Two eggs; soft soap, old the best, ½ pint; lard, ½ pint. Beat them all together; then add ½ pint of new milk, and pour it down the calf. If the calf is no better in 20 minutes repeat the dose. I have cured many a calf with the above recipe.—E. F. SELEY, Geneva, Crawford Co., Pa.

RABBITS AND MICE.—J. H. Ramsay wants to know what will keep rabbits and mice from gnawing fruit trees. I will send him our recipe. Two-thirds soft soap, and one third pine tree tar. Put in water enough to make it like thick paint. Add 1 lb. flour sulphur to the gallon; boil it all together; when still warm use it. If you have only a few trees, make a swab to paint with. If you've many, a brush would be the best.—CRYSTAL BLAKESLEE, Lyda, Missouri.

NOTE.—Many letters are received by the editor of the BLADE FARM, intended to appear under the head "Information Wanted," which letters make inquiry regarding many articles, certain of which are patented and would be simply advertisements for individuals to make profit. Our aim is to give the widest scope to all in this department, and shall at all times be pleased to insert anything that will prove of benefit to our readers, but all will admit that to give an outsider $5 or $10 worth of advertising for nothing, who does not belong to the BLADE circle of readers, would be unfair.

MYSTERIOUS CATTLE DISEASE.—In regard to that mysterious cattle disease in Sullivan county, Ind., from the description that is given of the disease, it is what we call black-leg. It is a common disease in Iowa. There does not seem to be any cure for it; if there is we have never yet been able to discover it. We have no information that we can guarantee as a preventive. Take the small blade of a jack-knife, with a keen edge. Split the skin in front of the foot. Commence cutting about one inch above the parting of the foot. Cut about one inch and a half up the front and centre of each leg, cutting through the sinew. Do well with your knife, and that's even off. Do this before disease takes hold. This disease is contracted from the ground. It is a blood disease. This little vein serves as a conductor, spreading the disease through the system. Calves and yearlings are most apt to take it. J. E. WORTHING, Thayo, Madison county, Iowa.

FRUIT HOUSE.—C. Stahl, Fremont, O., wishes some one who has built a fruit house, particularly adapted to apples, to give him their experience.—[ED.

The BLADE has received a communication from Mr. Hiram Cotton, calling attention to the statement of Mr. J. H. Eby in a recent issue of the BLADE, saying that she is not reliable. Attached to Mrs. Cotton's communication are several testimonials endorsing Mrs. Cotton as well as the business in which she is engaged. Several letters were also received relative to Mrs. Cotton's business, expressing satisfaction with her and reliable dealings. It may be proper here to say, that as the greater part of the advertising that appears in the BLADE is done through agents, it is impossible for the editor to speak advisedly as to the reliability of those who advertise. Anything advertised in the BLADE must stand up on its own merits which is generally the case, but while the BLADE will at all times protect its readers from a known swindle, they must form their own judgments of the reliability or unreliability of the great mass of advertisements, of which they know as much as we do. As to Mrs. Cotton, if endorsements of reliability go for anything, she is reliable, and that which she sells has merit.

Valuable Items.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I think the following you will find to be valuable to your paper.

HOW TO KEEP MEAT.—Meat is much better for daily use when at least one week old, in cold weather. The English method of keeping meat for some time has great merit. Experts say hang up a quarter of meat with the cut end up, being the reverse of the usual way, and the juice will remain in the meat, and meat run to the cut and dry up by evaporation. It is worth a trial, and when made it will be continued.

FOR NEURALGIA.—Prepare horse radish by grating and mixing in vinegar, the same as for table purposes, and apply to the temple where the face or head is affected, or the wrist, when the pain is in the arm or shoulder.

LINIMENT.—Add one-half ounce oil of wormwood to four ounces of alcohol and you will have a liniment good for sprains or bruises.

FOR BURNS.—Apply hot water to the feet, as hot as you can bear it.

FOR BURNS—Apply spirits of turpentine quickly.

Quantity of seeds required per acre—Barley, 1½ to 2 bushels; blue grass, 2 bushels; beets, 3 pounds; buckwheat, ½ bushels; 1 room corn, ½ bushel; corn, broadcast, 4 bushels; corn, in hills, 4 to 8 quarts; corn in drills, 2 to 3 bushels; carrots, 3 pounds; clover, white, 4 quarts; clover, red, 8 quarts; millet, 1 bushel; peas, 1 to 2 bushels; oats, 3 bushels; orchard grass, 2 bushels; peas, 2 to 3 bushels; potatos, 10 to 15 bushels; rye, 1½ bushels; ruta-bagas, 2 pounds; red top, 1 to 2 pecks; timothy, 6 quarts; tobacco, 2 ounces; white beans, 1½ bushels; wheat, 1½ to 2 bushels. —JOHN D. LEISURE, Lawrence, Ind.

Arboriculture.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

After five years experience and many failures in tree planting, I submit the following in answer to C. F. W.'s request regarding tree culture:

First—The soil where trees are to be planted should be in prime condition; if unfit to grow good grain or potatoes, it is not fit for trees. Two years ago I planted 12,000 cotton wood and willow cuttings. About 100 are growing at present. At the same time I tried planting four feet apart each way, with one-half seeds and one-half one year trees, cultivating each way with but little better success. I now, after harrowing ground, plow furrows five or six inches deep and eight feet apart. Plant in the trench, trees five inches to three feet in length, two feet apart in the row, or, if desired, four feet, and two or three ash or box elder seeds between. In planting see that the roots are not crowded too close together, but the earth packed quite hard around the trees. Seeds should be not thinly covered. In this way, with a crew of five I have planted between two and three acres per day. Cultivate with harrow between rows; and with small plow or cultivator turn earth toward trees on both sides. The second year harrow as before, quite often, and hoe around each tree; the third season, hoeing is all that will be required. Box elder, ash and elm are the best in order named, here in Northern Minnesota.

Box alder and ash seed can be gathered in October. Elm, basswood and cotton-wood seed—not reliable—in April and May. Ash and box alder seed should be put into dry earth and allowed to freeze. If nice healthy trees are desired, plant in the spring. Box-alder seeds (ash do not all grow the first year) in drills, quite thick; in a mellow spot in the garden. Keep well cultivated. The following spring transplant in April or May. In early spring, I pull small box-alder, ash and elm trees in the woods and transplant, and keep the roots damp and covered with wet sacks or cloth. Have had better success with trees grown in myself in drills than with nursery stock. Cotton-wood and willow will grow from cuttings. Box alder will not.

Have not been successful here with willow or soft maple; they winter kill. The object in planting trees eight feet apart is to advantage in cultivating. Often but four feet apart way are hard to see, and many are plowed up. One bushel of box elder seed contains 10,000 seed, and if planted to average four feet each way 1½ bushels of seed would be required for five acres. One and one-quarter bushes of ash seed for five acres. Box elder and ash are by far the best for timber claims in the Northwest.—A. W., Stephen, Minn.

Poultry Raising for Profit.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

It has truly been said that the poultry business as a source of wealth to the nation has not been fully estimated. From the best statistics obtainable, it is estimated that the amount of poultry and eggs consumed yearly in the United States exceed $6,000,000. These figures do not include the amount of poultry and eggs sold for breeding purposes. It outranks any other single product raised in this country. Notwithstanding all this, we find those who think it a small business and only fit for those of small interests. This is one of the industries that is not liable to overproduction, for we are constantly importing fowls and eggs, besides every one that does not keep poultry knows how difficult it is to obtain good broilers and fresh eggs. Keep one less porker and put the money into a few pure bred chicks. Eat them and the eggs, and my word for it, you will be much healthier. Give the boys, and girls too, a few dollars and let them purchase some pure bred or well crossed layers, such as the Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Langshans, or any other variety they may fancy, do with the proceeds as they please, and you will enjoy the interest they take in them, besides saving you many a hard-earned dollar toward clothing them. The poultry industry is well adapted to housewives and children who can spare the time, also to business men as a means of recreation; but please remember the wants of fowls, which are few, must be seen to every day. So far as buildings are concerned, I will say but little, as they were fully discussed in a recent issue of the BLADE. I will say this, however, it should be warm with plenty of sunlight, a good dust box, and kept well disinfected and clean. Fowls should winter and summer be plentifully supplied with pure, fresh water, and if you expect them to lay well, a change of diet with plenty of vegetables when in confinement. For breakfast a hot feed consisting of potatos boiled till tender the night previous. Mix with cornmeal, shorts, or any clean grain; never give fowls musty grain if you want them to thrive. For dinner, a mixture of wheat, barley or rye, covered over with clover chaff to make them scratch for exercise. They will relish apples, turnips, cabbage, beets, and almost all kinds of vegetables, cut up and fed raw. Feed occasionally meat, which may be had at any butcher shop. For supper I feed whole corn in the winter season, but in summer but little corn. Always keep lime, oyster or clam shells, or old plaster before them. This may all seem foolish, but it will pay, and pay better than raising wheat or corn.—A. E. GESLER, Saranac, Mich.

Incubators.

There are a great many styles and designs of incubators. Some of these are expensive and complicated. The cheap kinds have no attachments for regulating the heat, and therefore require more attention to the lamps; but are just as good in other respects as the costly ones, as they will hatch just as well, if the heat is kept regular, by personal attention, and there is no risk of the regulating apparatus getting deranged and spoiling the eggs before one is aware that anything is wrong, which sometimes happens when the incubator is left too long unattended, on the strength of the confidence put in the regulator. The principle to study in making a machine (as an incubator is often called) is to so construct it that a uniform heat can be maintained with as little effect from outside temperature as possible. A machine principally consists of a square or oblong box, double-sided, with the space between the sides packed with charcoal or sawdust (charcoal is better), a chamber of galvanized iron or zinc, the whole size of the box inside, and about three inches deep, fixed about a foot from the bottom of the box, so as to leave a compartment for lamps under it. This metal chamber should be tight, except that there should be three short pipes soldered in the top, about equal distances from the corners. These should open at the top into the egg chamber to allow moisture to penetrate the egg chamber to moisten the atmosphere. One great danger to be avoided is the admission of the fumes of the kerosene lamps into the egg chamber, which would be destructive to the vitality of the eggs. A good way to prevent this is, after the metal water chamber is firmly placed in position, to pour in plaster-of-Paris, prepared with water to a consistency of cream, between the wood sides and the metal; this must be kept thoroughly tight at all times. To prevent a strong radiant heat from escaping from the tank, or water chamber, cover up the top with two or three thicknesses of felt. This will insure a more equal distribution of heat in the egg chamber, of which the top of the water chamber forms the floor. Some contend that the heat should come from the top, to more perfectly imitate the hen, but it has been proved that the direction from which the heat comes is not so important as a perfect uniformity of heat all around the eggs. To secure this, the eggs should be placed in a drawer, with a bottom of the flannel and a few strings stretched across to prevent sagging. This should be four inches smaller than the inside of the incubator, to allow an air-space of two inches all around it, thus permitting a full circulation of heat and preventing outside influences. The moisture pipes before mentioned should be in the three side spaces between the drawer and the sides of the case, the ends of the pipes being just above the top of the eggs. The bottom of the egg-drawer need not be over two inches from the floor. The ceiling of this chamber should be metal to radiate the heat and moisture, and should be double, the space between the two covers being filled in like those between the sides. It can be opened either in front as a door, with pull-out drawer, or the top can be hinged as a lid to get at the drawer. A lamp placed in the lower compartment under the tank will heat the water to the desired temperature. A large incubator may require two lamps. As the water evaporates the tank can be refilled through one of the moisture pipes. A thermometer must be kept in the egg drawer, and the eggs must be put in when the machine can be kept at a uniform temperature of 104°. Eggs should be turned two or three times daily. When near the end of the term, the temperature may be lowered gradually to 102°; and if there does not appear to be enough moisture in the egg chamber, a little sprinkling with tepid water, on alternate days, a week before hatching, will be beneficial. The size of the moisture pipes will depend upon the size of the box—inch pipes for the ordinary-sized box. I have left the important subject of ventilation till the last, as it is the most essential thing to be observed. The egg chamber should be provided with a piece of inch pipe through the ceiling to the outside for the escape of foul air. The door of the lamp chamber should be perforated, to admit air to make the lamp burn. Many incubators have a small opening into the egg chamber on two opposite sides, with wire gauze over it, and a little solid slide to fit over when required. As this moisture and ventilating business is very essential to success, it should be carefully studied.—HENRY HALES, in *Rural New Yorker*.

Bridles and Bits.

The following useful paragraphs are taken from the *Western Sportsman*:

Most horses will drive better with the hinge or snaffle-bit.

See that your horse's bit is neither too short nor too long for his mouth.

Always take the check rein off the bearing-reins and rear-checks on road horses.

Horses that are not free drivers will require less urging if driven with a bridle with blinds on.

Some stylish rangy horses are driven without any bearing-rein, though it is safer to use one.

Some horses become slow and need more urging when driven regularly with an open bridle.

Horses that shy much and take a strong hold on the bit will sometimes drive better with an open bridle.

Every driver of fast road or track horses should use the best forged bits to be had. They are the safest.

Some horses will not "go up" on the bit when the over-check and upper-jaw bit are required, in that case try an all-leather upper-jaw bit.

For a horse that carries his head up and travels with the nose inclined outward, and does not pull, the side bearing rein will answer.

A horse carrying his head low and inclined inward, and does not pull much, can be driven with the over-check attached to the large bit.

For some horses that pull moderately an upper jaw straight bit, attached to the over-check, may satisfy the driver; if not, try a hinged upper-jaw bit.

With a bridle without blinds some horses will drive gently to a no-top wagon, while with a top wagon they will get frightened at the top and frequently run away.

When the angles of the mouth become soft from the pressure of the bit apply pulverized alum and honey in equal parts four or five times a day, and use a wide bit.

When the mouth and tongue become feverish and bruised a little from the effects of pulling on the bit, sponge these parts with a solution of white oak bark or alum water.

News of the Week.

BARRIOS.

Ships and Men Being Sent to Central America—American Interests Will be Protected.

In answer to a telegram sent last night by Sec. Whitney to the president of the Pacific Mail steamship company at New York, relative to the number of men the company's vessels can take to Aspinwall without delay, the following reply was received this morning:

"We can carry 200 men in the City of Para to-morrow at noon and 600 in the Acapulico next Monday."

Sec. Whitney replied: "We will ship 200 men by your steamer to-morrow noon, with tents and camp equipage. The Tennessee with Admiral Jouett will leave New Orleans probably to-day with an extra complement of marines for Aspinwall, and with extra provisions. This will place four ships and between 400 and 500 men at Aspinwall for land service. As to Monday's steamer, I will communicate hereafter. The men will be taken from the Brooklyn navy yard."

In reply to a telegram sent to Commodore Kane, of the Galena, the following was also received to-day: "The transit is closed; steamship property safe, and in my possession; also railroad property at the north end of the island. It is advisable to send another vessel."

When it was learned in the navy department this morning that the secretary had determined to protect American interests at the Isthmus by force, there was considerable excitement among naval officers on duty. A number of them immediately volunteered their services to go to Aspinwall. The selection of officers, however, has been left to the board, which convened at 11:30 o'clock. It is understood that Maj. Chas. Haywood, of the marine corps, who is in charge of the marine barracks at Brooklyn, will have immediate command of the marines. A naval officer of rank, however, will probably be detailed to command the expedition.

At Portsmouth, N. H., a dispatch was received from Secretary Whitney ordering ninety marines to Brooklyn for Panama. They left by the first train.

Gen. T. B. Bunting, of New York, who some years ago held a prominent position in the army of Guatemala, has just received a letter from an American gentlemen residing in Guatemala, in which he says: "By this mail I send you a paper containing the proclamation and decree of Gen. J. M. Barrios, whereby he makes a new republic of five and floats to the breeze the flag of the republic of Central America, pledging his talents, his fortune and his life to defend it, declaring all to be traitors who oppose the common cause and threatening destruction to those governments who fail to join in the regenerating movements. Honduras enters heart and soul into the idea. Salvador vacillates, Nicaragua defends herself to 'the last drop of blood,' and Costa Rica is not yet heard from. Many foreigners are offering their services, and things are being pushed with a vigor and energy that leave no doubt of a speedy and glorious termination of the conflict. Barrios sees all, understands all, orders all with a memory that staggers at nothing; a perception as quick as lightning; a mental scope taking in everything at a glance; a personal bravery amounting to temerity; a cool head that never loses its judgment, and an energy that knows no flagging. He compels success and will, before many months roll around, make of this weak disintegrated country a solid, strong and prosperous republic."

BARRIOS' DECREE ANNULLED.—AN ARMISTICE.

LATER.—Hostilities between Guatemala and the allied republics have been suspended, and an armistice of one month's duration is announced. The legislative assembly of Guatemala has annulled the decree promulgated by Pres. Barrios on February 28, in which a union of the Central American Republics was proclaimed and Barrios was announced as dictator and supreme military chieftain of all Central America. The gold-hilted sword of Pres. Barrios was found on the battle field of Chalchuaps, broken.

BARRIOS DEAD.

According to the latest intelligence, Pres. Barrios, of Guatemala, is dead. No particulars have been received.

New Temperance Move in Pennsylvania.

The Pennsylvania House of Representatives passed the Senate bill, to introduce scientific temperance instruction in the public schools, by a vote of 131 to 39. The bill requires hygiene and philosophy, with especial reference to the effects of alcohol and narcotics on the human system, to be taught in all schools aided by the state. The measure had the support of a large number of women, who circulated petitions in all sections of Pennsylvania in the interest of the proposed legislation. These petitions, which were signed by hundreds of thousands of people, were presented to the legislature at the present session, and were largely instrumental in having the bill passed. The announcement of the vote was followed by the waving of handkerchiefs by a large number of ladies in the lobby. This bill has taken the place of the joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, which seems to have been almost entirely abandoned by the temperance people.

About Mrs. Garfield's Engagement.

A close friend of Mrs. Garfield has furnished the following to the Associated Press: "The report that has been extensively circulated that Mrs. Garfield is to be married undoubtedly originated from some malicious person who wished to annoy her. It has been authoritatively ascertained that the rumor is utterly false, having no foundation whatever. Mrs. Garfield has only recently heard of it. She still wears mourning, and matrimony has no place in her thoughts."

A Youngstown special says: "Rev. Taylor was interviewed, and pronounces the report entirely false, and without any foundation. He is an eloquent minister of middle age, and a widower. His wife and family fields were warm personal friends, and since her death he has corresponded with Mrs. Garfield, the letters being of a purely friendly character, and not such as to warrant any report of marriage. Rev. Taylor, who is possessed of a benevolent heart, feels deeply hurt over the report connecting his name in such a manner with the widow of the late President. It is said that the report originated with a young man in Mt. Jackson, fond of sensational reports, regardless of the feelings of others."

Rejoicing in Chinatown.

Monday was a gala day in Chinatown, New York, over the news of the French rout at Langson. Wong Ching Foo said that of all the victories this is the most important yet gained by the Chinese in the present war. It changed Mott street into a bedlam. Flags, banners and lanterns were hung out from every house. At No. 16 a new flag was unfurled of pale yellow, on which a red and blue dragon was apparently endeavoring to swallow a red billiard ball. Deputy Sheriff Tom Lee said that the design was "Makee believe dragon Chinamen, led ball Frenchman."

On the Chinese bulletin board, along with the report of the victory, was an announcement that the government at Pekin had made a general of the soldier who shot Gen. Negrier, and had presented him with a gratuity of 10,000 taels ($18,000). The enthusiasm found vent in unlimited toasting and treating among the Chinamen generally, resulting in more inebriety than has ever been known before in Chinatown. In the evening a general illumination enabled the muddled Mongolians to find their respective homes without much difficulty.

Hurrah for the Mugwumps!

Albany Democrats are very much excited and very indignant with Pres. Cleveland for continuing in office Postmaster Pearson, of New York. Many of them express their sorrow openly, but most of them refuse to say anything. Occasionally one is found who praises the administration for standing by its pledge to reform the civil service. The Democrats are claiming that Pearson was a mild Blaine man during the campaign, but the Republicans assert that he worked and voted for Cleveland along with the other "mugwumps."

Most of the distinguished mugwumps of New York and Brooklyn called and congratulated Mr. Pearson during the day.

Among the Democratic aldermen and small politicians generally the appointment was looked upon as an outrage, and many bitter things were said of Pres. Cleveland.

Moody and Sankey.

Moody and Sankey, the evangelists, will commence a series of meetings in Pittsburg next Thursday. The services will be held in the Fifth avenue Market hall, which has accommodations for 5,000 persons. The arrangements are in charge of a committee composed of all the religious denominations in the city, and it is expected that auditors will be in attendance from all points in Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Eastern Ohio.

Beggared by Drink.

Hiram H. Kimpton, formerly a Wall street broker, and worth about $2,000,000, has been committed to the care of the commissioners of charities and corrrections. He beggared himself by drink.

GENERAL GRANT.

THE DEATHBED SCENE TUESDAY NIGHT.

An inmate of the household of Gen. Grant says: "The true history of Gen. Grant's death-bed scene on Tuesday morning, when it was feared the general was about to breathe his last, is as follows: About 4 o'clock in the morning the old soldier suddenly gasped and presented all the symptoms of a death struggle. The family, the physicians and Dr. Newman rushed to his side; nearly all gave him up. Drs. Douglas and Shrady held a hurried consultation, after which Dr. Shrady filled a hypodermic syringe full of brandy and injected the contents into the general's arm. The extreme pallor, so characteristic of death, gave way to a healthful looking flush, and Gen. Grant was given for a time new lease of life. This promptness on the part of Dr. Shrady saved the general and prolonged his life, so as to enable him to sign some papers of great moment to his family. It also saved the great figure in American history to his countrymen for at least some days. After the general had recovered he pleasantly said to the surgeon who had performed the signal service: 'Well, you've prolonged my agony for awhile.' 'Yes,' answered Dr. Shrady, 'We will have you with us some time yet.' Dr. Newman was overjoyed at seeing the general recover so rapidly, and prayed fervently. The eyes of the ladies were suffused with tears of joy when they saw death averted. A minute's delay at the time would have made a great change in the history of the case."

GEN. SHERIDAN ON GEN. GRANT.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* prints, by permission, the substance of some remarks made during a conversation by Gen. Sheridan at a dinner party in Washington recently. The article quotes Gen. Sheridan as saying:

"It is sad to think of Gen. Grant dying under such physical torture as is inflicted by his terrible disease, and under such mental anguish as I know he endures in consequence of the unfortunate business failure that overwhelmed him and his family. I could never comprehend why the old man (all old soldiers call Gen. Grant the old man) went into business, and particularly why he set himself up in Wall street. From the time he imbibed this business notion, I have always thought Gen. Grant was off his base, and had lost that abundance of caution that has characterized all his movements. I have listened to him talk about making money in perfect amazement. He imagined that he had a latent talent for making money, and that his sons all possessed this talent to a remarkable degree. He seemed never to tire of talking about this, when we were so situated as to be free from interruption, and when we could talk with freedom of bygone days. Now, I know very well that Gen. Grant did not possess the talent or genius for making money. His nature is too generous and confiding for that. His talent in connection with money was in an opposite direction, and caused him to get clear of money in a very short time. He could never keep money before he set up in Wall street, and you know he is a very bright fellow who can keep money after he gets there. What most surprised me, however, was that the old man should talk so much about this newly discovered talent. He talked persistently, and Grant always talked well when he felt like to talk, about accumulating a large fortune. As I noticed his earnestness of manner, I sometimes thought that I underrated him in this particular; still I could not entirely divest myself of the apprehension I felt on his account, and his very persistency and earnestness added to my fears. Why, I never knew Grant to talk about the great ability which he did possess, and which the world has recognized. No one ever heard him talk about his great military talent, or boast about his splendid achievement in the field, and his great knowledge, and extraordinary abilities in this direction, because his successful movements and the brilliant and decisive results that have attended them showed him this. Indeed, Gen. Grant had greater talent for conducting campaigns and fighting armses, than he was really aware. Nobody, however ever heard him talk about what he possessed in this direction, and the simple fact that he descanted to me with some such earnestness and frequency on his supposed money-making talents started a suspicion in my mind that his previously strong mental forces were breaking up, and that he was rapidly moving away from his previous well established lines of prudence and safety."

Later in the evening, returning to Gen. Grant, the lieutenant general spoke of the reluctance with which Gen. Grant left the army to become President of the United States.

"You have seen statements," said Gen. Sheridan, 'to the effect that the old man had plans to secure the nomination for the Presidency in 1888. There is no foundation for such statements, so far as I know whereof I speak. I know what his feelings and desires were at that time touching his future. He wanted, above all things, to remain with the army which he loved, and whose idol he was, and is still, and had no ambition whatever to become President. He doubted his ability to discharge the duties of President, but above all he has no taste nor inclination for politi al office."

The New York Sun Undertakes to Enlighten the Public.

The New York *Sun* has a notable editorial under the caption, "What makes the bad times" in reply to a correspondent who attributes the depression to the withdrawal of National bank notes from circulation. The *Sun* shows that money was never so cheap as now, and that as the depression extends throughout Europe as well as the United States, it cannot be attributed to a gold standard or to tariff laws, nor to anything in the condition of our shipping and ocean transportation, for it exists in England, where there is an unprecedented extension of the merchant marine, just as severely, or even more so, than in this country, where for many years our merchant marine has been gradually declining. Nor yet is it caused by failure of the crops, or by wars or famines in any part of the world. The crops have generally been good for several years past. Even the issue of mine of any account have existed; yet we may say, in a general way, the depression is the result of over production,—that is to say, of spending money and labor in ways that are not profitable and that give no return.

The *Sun* concludes as follows: "Yet, while this great collapse is indisputable and irresistible, we may well be comforted over the fact that it is not so destructive as it might be, and that business is quite as good and the situation of the country quite as encouraging as we ought to expect. There are many workers out of employment, and hardly any enterprise is making much money; yet most people are getting enough to eat and enough to wear, and are living along in happiness with reasonable economy. The country is rich and sound at the core; and when all inflated and delusive concerns are settled up and cleared away, we shall find that we are a great deal better off than the philosophers of calamity and despair have imagined."

Eloped With His Sister-in-Law.

Dan Childs, employed as a book-keeper in a bank at New Lisbon, two weeks ago left home, informing his wife that he was going to Pittsburg and would return in a day or two. Since then it is learned he met his sister-in-law, Mrs. John Heater, at Leavittsburg, and, purchasing two tickets, the pair left for Cincinnati. Nothing further has been learned of the couple. Childs is 27 years old, and was married three years ago, leaving a wife and two children. Mrs. Heater, who is 24 years old, and very prepossessing in appearance, has been married four years, and has one child, which is now with relatives. She claimed that her husband had treated her brutally, and to escape him went to the residence of Childs. The latter was formerly agent for the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio at Ausontown and Mineral Ridge, and his wife is nearly heart-broken over his escapade.

An Estate of $600,000.

Mrs. Thomas Meath, of Chicago, has received a letter from her brother, William Sheridan, an ex-member of Parliament, residing at Dunmore, Ireland, informing her that she had been awarded the larger portion of a fortune of $600,000.

Mrs. Meath had a cousin married to Gen. Lawrence Blake, of the British army, who, in 1876, left a will bequeathing his estate to his wife, who died intestate. The estate has since been in the English courts, but a decision has finally been given in favor of the wife's heirs.

Strong Drink and Suicide.

Darius W. Lawrence, formerly a member of the New York Stock Exchange and well known on Wall street, committed suicide in the Hahnemann hospital Friday. He was being attended for chronic alcoholism. He made three desperate gashes in his neck, one while standing in front of a looking glass. When the attendant, who had left the room for a moment, returned, he found Mr. Lawrence lying on the bed bathed in blood. He had resided at the Murray Hill hotel and entered the hospital, where he was once before treated for delirium tremens. Mr. Lawrence was prominent in Masonic circles, and a member of Palestine Commandery. He was 47 years old. He sold his seat in the Stock Exchange a year ago, and has been despondent ever since.

The Great Newspaper Man Involved in a Scandal—News Suppressed by the "Herald."

A great scandal cropped out in the Brooklyn Circuit court in the case of Justine Peristrom against Edward Van Ness. The action grew out of a scandal which has hitherto been suppressed. The plaintiff, who is a Swede, was house-keeper for James Gordon Bennett. She sued him to recover $25,000 damages for an alleged assault. An answer was put in denying the allegations. A motion was made by defendant's attorney and consented to by plaintiff's attorney, that the cause be tried before a referee. Judge Robinson referred the cause to Lawyer A. Melvine Knapp. After hearing the testimony the referee dismissed the complaint.

An action in equity was then brought by the lawyer Edward Van Ness, on behalf of Miss Peristrom, to set aside the finding of the referee and to vacate the order of reference on the ground of conspiracy and fraud between the awyers on both sides. The plaintiff procured a judgment and the order of reference was set aside and the cause restored to the calendar of the court of Common Pleas. Before it came to trial she signed a paper agreeing to settle for $5,000, of which she got over half. The present suit is brought for slander. The plaintiff alleges that on June 11, 1883, Lawyer Van Ness said referring to her: "She is a blackmailer. She is a designing and unscrupulous woman. She tried to blackmail Jas. Gordon Bennett and she deceived me. I don't want to have anything more to do with her or her case."

It is understood that several attempts have been made to settle the suit and cover up the grave scandal which it hides. As the lawyers on both sides are ready it is probable that the story will be fully ventilated in court.

A Vermonter's Adventures in Iowa—His Tragic Suicide.

Alvin Allen, of Walcott, Vt., while being pursued by an office and posse of men at Manson, Ia., who wished to arrest him for forgery, fired four bullets at his pursuers and the fifth through his own brain, killing himself instantly. Letters found on his person indicate that he was a fugitive from justice elsewhere, and resolved never to be taken alive. Allen went into Richard's bank in Manson, and presented three notes, one of $100 and two of $50 each, purporting to be signed by George and M. M. Smith, and asked the banker to discount them. The banker discovered that they were forgeries, and refused to buy them. Allen again returned to the bank, and asked why Mr. Richards would not buy them. The banker informed him that they were forgeries. As soon as Mr. Richards could, he put the city marshal on Allen's track. After leaving the bank Allen purchased a revolver; he then started to leave the city on foot, following the railroad track. The marshal and his posse followed, chasing Allen a mile, when he was overtaken. Brandishing his revolver, he informed the crowd that he would not be taken alive—he did not care two cents for his life, and he would shoot them and then himself, rather than suffer arrest. Allen commenced firing at his pursuers, and fired several shots, only one of which took effect in the neck of a horse ridden by B. Branholtz. When Allen commenced firing the marshal ordered one of his men, armed with a double-barreled shot gun, to fire on Allen; he did so twice, without serious effect. As the pursuers closed on him, Allen placed his revolver to his ear and fired. He was about 29 years old.

The Chinese View of the Tonquin Affair.

Wong He Chong, the millionaire Chinese importer of New York, was entertaining a party of friends Tuesday night, celebrating the Chinese victory over the French. In response to a reporter's question he said: "This victory is nothing more than what we have long expected. The trouble is that the French authorities, in order not to lose prestige in the eyes of other nations, have systematically lied in regard to their Tonquinese campaign. The victories they have reported have invariably been little skirmishes in which a corporal's guard on either side has been magnified into an army. On the other hand, their defeats have always been the retiring of a skirmishing party. The American press publishes the French version, and seldom, if ever, our own. I have seen our own reports and believe they are far nearer the truth than those of our foe. According to our figures over 10,000 French have been killed in battle and 4,000 have died from disease. We have lost probably twice as much, but with our population we can afford and are willing to lose one hundred times as much. People seem to forget that we have 400,000,000 of people, and can lose a million men without even knowing the fact. France can not.

"As for the blockade, that is sheer nonsense. We have no commerce of our own whatever. The Chinese are fishermen and not sailors. We had a Chinese steamship company which owned a fleet of 41 vessels. At the beginning of this war they sold out to English capitalists. Our commerce is almost monopolized by Great Britain, and you may safely rely upon the fact that England will never allow France to hurt her commercial interests in the East. England is sensitive around her pocket, and war or no war, she will continue to carry Chinese freights as long as her power stands. In regard to tea, I think the price may advance a trifle, but not appreciably."

The Amalgamated Association.

Meetings will be held next Saturday in all districts of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, to elect delegates to the national scale convention, which meets in Pittsburg April 18.

Last years' scale will in all probability be discarded and one less objectionable to manufacturers substituted.

Although officials of the association are careful not to commit themselves on the question of next year's wages, it has been pretty definitely ascertained that workmen propose a reduction of 10 per cent.

It is stated now that a movement is on foot to again place John Jarret at the head of the organization. Rumors of internal dissension have been rife for sometime, and it is said that the withdrawal from the association of lodge nailers in Wheeling district recently was the first step toward the formation of the nailers' independent organization. Jarrett could not be seen, and officials of the association state that they have no knowledge of such a movement.

The Meanest Man in Indiana.

A special from Shelbyville says: Charles Davis, for some time past the night operator at the Big Four railroad at this point, has skipped. Friday night Henry Eschemoyer, of this city, left a message with Davis for transmission to his brother in Peoria, Ill., telling him of the fatal illness of another brother and instructing him to come on the first train. To insure the prompt delivery of the message, Eschemoyer paid the operator $5 and kept a portion of the money, about twenty cents, and sent the message as a night message, and, under the rule, it was not delivered until next morning, and Mr. Eschmeyer could not get here until his brother was dead. A great deal of indignation is felt over Davis's contemptible action here, and it is universally conceded that he is entitled to the belt as the meanest man in Indiana.

That Freeport Story Denied by the Village Postmaster.

Special to the Blade:

FREEPORT, O., March 31.—The BLADE published a statement that B. Forsythe died, and at the grave his mother had the coffin opened, and the boy was restored to life. The statement is false in every particular. Nothing of the kind ever happened here. I have received numerous letters asking for the facts in this case.

W. P. HOLLIDAY, P. M.

New Vessels.

The aggregate number of new vessels built in New England during 1884, were 41 steam vessels, valued at $997,600; 146 sailing crafts, an 7 large barges, valued at $3,315,800—total value, $4,313,400. A comparison with the previous year shows a decrease of nearly 24,000 in the gross tonnage of the new vessels, and a decrease (estimated) of $1,000,000 in the value of the products.

In Favor of John Chinaman.

Judge Sawyer, of the United States Circuit court of San Francisco, decided that a Chinese merchant resident of this country could depart from it and enter it again without being subjected to the condition imposed by section 6 of the Chinese Amended Restriction act.

Struck by Lightning.

Near Waco, Tex., during a thunder storm Sunday, lightning struck a shed near which James B. Baker and a number of negroes were standing. All were prostrated. Baker's injuries are pronounced fatal. Four colored men are lying in a critical condition.

A Happy Family.

Mrs. Cox, a colored woman, living on the plantation of W. E. Hunt, near Greenville, Miss., gave birth Saturday to three boys and one girl. At last account the happy family are all doing well.

Hard Times in Kansas.

A special from Wichita says there are 200 mechanics out of employment in that city, and ten men for every job in the place.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Public Debt Statement.

The following is a recapitulation of the debt statement issued April 1, according to the old forms:

Interest bearing debt—	
Four and one-halfs	$250,000,000
Fours	737,710,900
Threes	194,190,500
Refunding certificates	248,200
Navy pension fund	14,000,000
Principal	$1,196,149,600
Interest	10,945,579
Debt on which interest has ceased since maturity—	
Principal	$ 4,951,505
Interest	242,810
Debt bearing no interest—	
Old demand and legal tender notes	346,739,081
Certificates of deposit	27,275,000
Gold and silver certificates	296,098,571
Fractional currency	133,490,369
(Less amount estimated, lost or destroyed $8,375,954)	6,967,099
Principal	677,630,351
Unclaimed Pacific railway interest	4,229
Total debt—principal	$1,878,721,656
Interest	11,192,119
Total	$1,889,913,776
Total cash in Treasury	484,474,174
Debt, less cash in Treasury—	
April 1, 1885	$1,405,439,602
March 1, 1885	1,403,963,350
Decrease during March	483,747
Decrease since June 30, 1884	44,610,633
Current liabilities—	
Interest due and unpaid	$ 1,552,585
Debt on which interest has ceased	4,951,505
Interest thereon	242,810
Gold and silver certificates	296,699,571
U. S. notes held for redemption of certificates of deposit	27,275,000
Cash balance available April 1, '85	153,813,451
Total	$ 484,474

as it is now among Democrats who find fault with his appointment that he has never been anything but a Blaine man. Yet all the facts go to show that as postmaster Mr. Pearson was neither the one nor the other, but that no man in official position has ever exemplified so completely and well a reform to which the Democratic party was committed and by virtue of which committal the victory of the party in New York was assured."

The Burning of Aspinwall.

The following dispatch from Commander Kane, of the Galena, was received late Wednesday by the secretary of the navy: "Aspinwall is in ashes, burnt by the insurgents to escape capture by the government troops. The Pacific mail dock and railroad property on the north end of the island and the canal property at Colon are the only buildings saved. The shipping is safe. I have all my force on shore protecting property. My ship is crowded with refugees. Thousands are destitute and without shelter."

The Union Soldiers' Alliance.

The following resolution was adopted by the Union Soldiers' Alliance at its regular meeting in Washington Wednesday evening:

"WHEREAS, It has pleased God to afflict almost unto the door of death that great and exemplary man, the successful leader of the Union hosts, our beloved commander and comrade, Gen. Ulysses S. Grant; therefore

"*Resolved*, That the comrades of the Union Soldiers' Alliance of Washington herein express the profound grief that fills their hearts because of the affliction that has befallen our distinguished chief, and their warmest sympathy for him in this hour of sore trial, united with their heartfelt wishes and most earnest prayers that the all-wise Ruler may yet avert the irreparable loss a sorrowing nation would sustain in his death."

Cleveland's Views on "Removals for Cause."

The postmaster at Rome, N. Y., was suspended from further duty in his office by order of the President, and Hon. B. Corcoran have been designated to perform the duties of the office instead. The President proposed the removal of the postmaster and nominated Corcoran to the Senate at the recent session, and as it failed to take action on the nomination, the postmaster general applied to the President for directions in the case, and received a written communication, which has been preserved from the department. It is as follows:

"In answer to your inquiry as to the disposition to be made of the case of the postmaster at Rome, Oneida county, N. Y., which was presented to the Senate on the 26th day of March, with a proposition that he be removed for cause, and which proposition was not acted upon prior to the adjournment of that body on the 24 day of April, I have to say that to me it clearly seems to be my duty to exercise, by prompt action in this case, all the power which the present condition of the law has left in my hands, so far as it may be done independently of the Senate, to protect the interests of the government, to vindicate the laws which have been enacted for the regulation of the postal service, and to impress upon the federal officeholders the fact that no indulgence will be granted by the executive to those who violate the law or neglect public duty.

"This postmaster, under section 4,044 of the United States revised statutes, and regulations of the Post office department, was required to transmit to the department weekly a report of business done by him in the money order branch of his office. He appears from an official report of an Assistant Sector of the Post office department now before me, and which was submitted to a committee of the Senate while the proposition to remove this official was before that body, that an examination of his office was ordered on the 25th day of January, 1885, in consequence of the fact that no such weekly reports had been made since the 6th day of December, 1884. It further appears from this report that such examination developed a most disgraceful confusion in all that pertained to the accounts, and the financial condition of his office; that there had been no entry in the money order cash book since July, 1884, and as might have been expected, there was a deficiency in the money order account of more than $700, and in the postal account of more than $400.

"There is, I think, no dispute touching these facts. The deficiency has been refunded to the government under an arrangement with one of the sureties of the delinquent official, and no attempts to excuse the wretched condition of his office by alleging that his assistant had entire charge of the money order business, as well as the general detail of the office, in making such excuse this official admits, it seems to me, a violation of his plain duty in turning over the operations of his office to an assistant without any pretext of sickness or unavoidable absence of the postmaster, which is contrary to a reasonable construction of section 4,031 of the revised statutes, which provides that "in the case of sickness or unavoidable absence of the postmaster of any money order office, any one may, with the approval of the postmaster general, authorize the chief clerk or some other clerk employed therein, to act in his place and to discharge all the duties required by the law of such postmaster."

"By the claim now made that the assistant having had full charge is responsible for the delinquencies and the irregularities complained of, the postmaster also attempts to contradict his own sworn statement made to the department as late as September 30, 1884, to the effect that he himself had performed for the preceding quarter the money order business in his office except when necessarily absent.

"I shall do all that is in my power to fill the public service of officials who exhibit such loose ideas of their duty to the public. A document before me, signed by many residents of the city where the postmaster is located, and who belong to both political parties, asserting their entire confidence in his honesty and fidelity, demonstrates the unfortunate manner in which such papers may be obtained and gives rise to an unpleasant suspicion, touching a too prevalent method of political honesty. If I cannot remove this delinquent postmaster, I can surely suspend him. This I have determined to do promptly, and I desire you at once to present to me the papers necessary for that purpose, with designation of Joseph B. Corcoran to perform the duties of the postmaster in the place of the official thus suspended. Yours truly,

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

Central America.

Commander Kane, of the Galena, has telegraphed Sec. Whitney from Colon under date of April 6, as follows:

"Nothing new to report. The Panama railroad company is putting the road in order. Government troops are anxious about their prisoners. The railroad company and the Galena are feeding troops. All are in need. There is great anxiety among foreigners at Panama."

The True Invardness of Washington Life.

Much amusement has been created at the expense of Sec. Buck, because after he had declared his ignorance of Mr. Buck, the recently nominated minister to Peru, and his disgust at the appointment, it was found that his signature was attached to Buck's recommendations. There is nothing extraordinary or novel in this. It has for years been the custom of many Senators and representatives to sign without question and often without looking at them, the papers of applicants for office. The original patentee of this mild form of deceit was one of the most distinguished senators that Maryland or any other state has ever sent to Washington. He invented it to save himself trouble and annoyance, and he had a distinct understanding at the White House and the departments that his signature to petitions was to count for nothing, but to have no really practical effect. In